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THE BEST AMERICAN SHIP-YARD, Illustrated.

Vol. XI.

MAY-JUNE, 1899.

No. 5.

The MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED



10 cents per copy.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Published by the Twentieth Century Publishing Company, Century Building, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Entered at the St. Louis Post Office in February, 1899, as Second-Class Matter.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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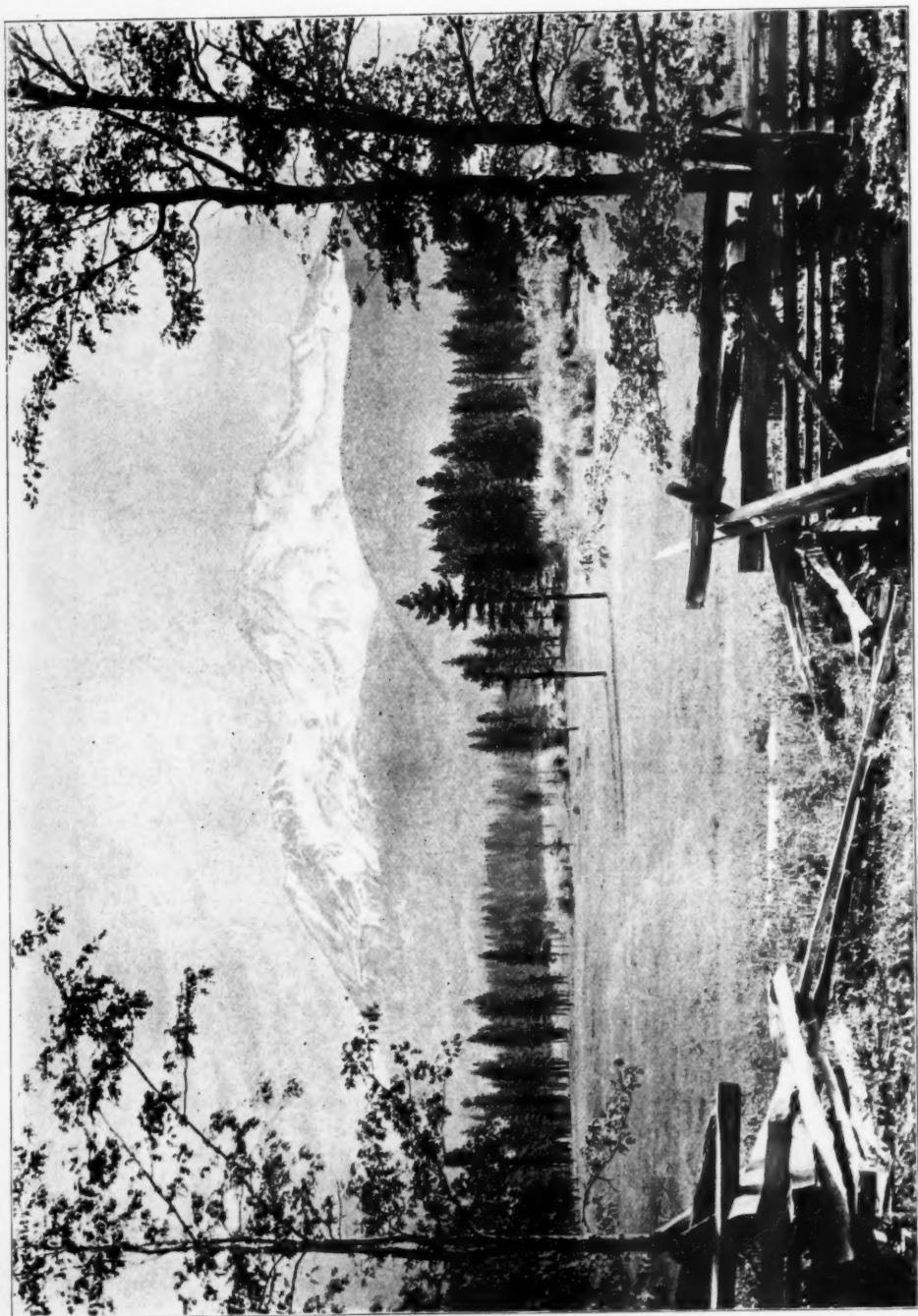
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MOUNT SHASTA.

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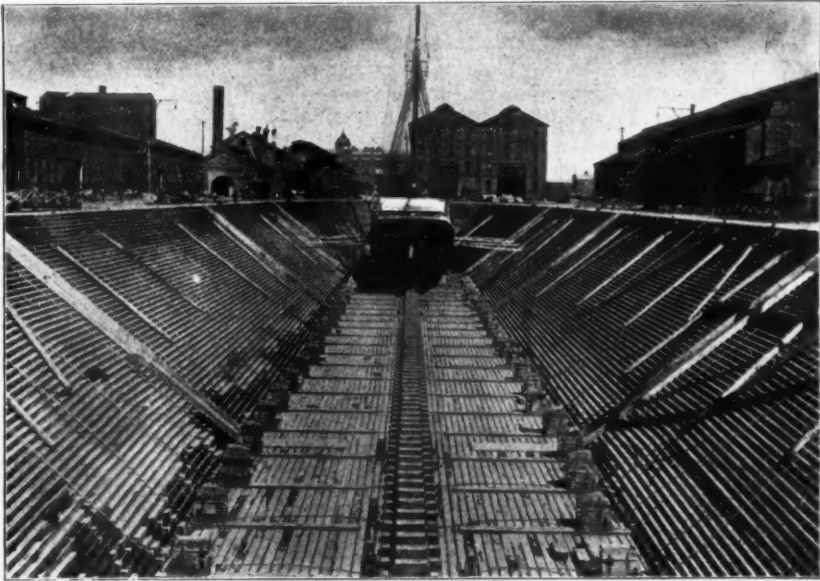


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

DRY DOCK, SHOWING SHIP IN POSITION.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHIP-YARD.

By MALINDA CLEAVER FAVILLE.

IT is not twenty years since a witty American writer called Newport News, Virginia, «a coal dump on a sand bank,» and spoke with more than the usual accuracy of witty writers. Now it is the deep water terminal of a great railway system, with all that term implies, and has also the great dry dock and ship-building plant to which the above title refers, the best in the United States, and the largest business enterprise in the South.

Since the «Main» went down, national experience has taught us the need of sea-power. Ashore we fear no enemy, for we own pretty nearly «all the land that joins us,» but afloat we have rivals. It is not the blue flag with the two white stars that makes Admiral Dewey the peer of any naval

officer on earth; it is the American navy, present and to come, and the American seamen who stand behind the guns. If we would achieve national greatness, we must have sea-power. Great naval powers treat only with their peers. It is due to our proper dignity that we have a great navy; it is due our producers that we have a fine merchant marine. A great deal of the forging and riveting necessary to accomplish the new navies of trade and defense will be done in the Newport News ship-yards.

Eight years ago hulls number one and two lay upon the ways on either side the steam cantilever crane. They became «El Nord» and «El Sud,» and returned to the yards in the spring of 1898 to be converted into auxiliary cruisers. A few shops

held the workmen who did not carry on their operations out of doors, and a swarm of mules and carts were preparing the foundations for new buildings. The stamp of crudeness was everywhere. Yesterday (March 14, 1899) three 400-foot hulls were within a month of launching, three first-class battle-ships lay in the slip close by, receiving there complicated finishings, two vessels were repairing in the big dry dock, a steam shovel and miniature locomotive were working on a new and larger dock, two great electric cantilever cranes were

thought how seriously an enemy might cripple our navy by destroying the big ship-yards on the James.

An ordinary freight-ship can be built in these yards in about a year, a battle-ship in two years. A steel ship is a great deal more than the over-grown kettle we inlanders imagine it to be. The process of construction is not difficult to understand if properly studied. The drawings are made and the specifications worked out, and upon the latter the contract is based. The specifications for government vessels are printed

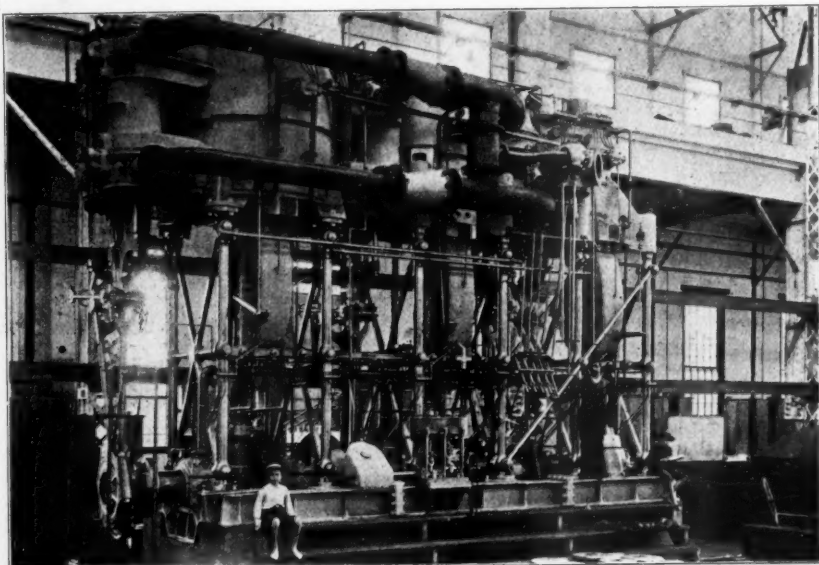


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

A SHIP'S ENGINE.

building beside the one which now overtops the steam cantilever of 1891; the foundations the mules prepared, and many others, were covered by immense buildings, and everywhere were busy, silent men, four thousand in all, and the air was filled with the roar of machines and the merry clink of hammers on steel.

The «Illinois» lies in her slip half finished, the «Missouri» bigger and more powerful, is to be built here. A clear title is thus established to the interest of Midland people. Since a year ago many people have

in rather large type and interleaved with blank pages for the contractor's notes. Those for the battle-ship «Illinois» fill a book about the size of Ray's «Third Part of Arithmetic.»

The keel of heavy angle-steel is built and laid on the blocks, stern to the water. The ribs are bent and fastened in place, stayed by wooden props and staging. The framing is prepared in the bending shed, a great steel floor-space full of round holes at regular intervals. The shape desired is chalked upon the floor. Half a dozen muscular

negroes with great pinchers grasp the long iron and run it into the furnace. In due time they draw it out, a great serpent of pale flame-color, its powerful flexibility fitting into every inequality of surface, so like to nothing else as a monster snake. Heavy pins mark the chalk curve on the floor and the hot steel is quickly and deftly fitted around them. Before it has hardened it is shaped. Ribs and deck arches may be shaped as rapidly as the big furnace can heat them.

When the hull is ribbed up, the plates of

a car to the end of the room where it is pressed and properly curved between enormous rollers operated by their own engine. A hint of the cost of the great machines may be taken from the statement that the shaping machine referred to cost \$40,000 (forty thousand dollars). From the roller the plate goes through the great door, the cantilever crane lifts it to its place on the hull close by, and the men fasten it in place.

In all other ship-yards in this country the bulk-heads (cross partitions) which

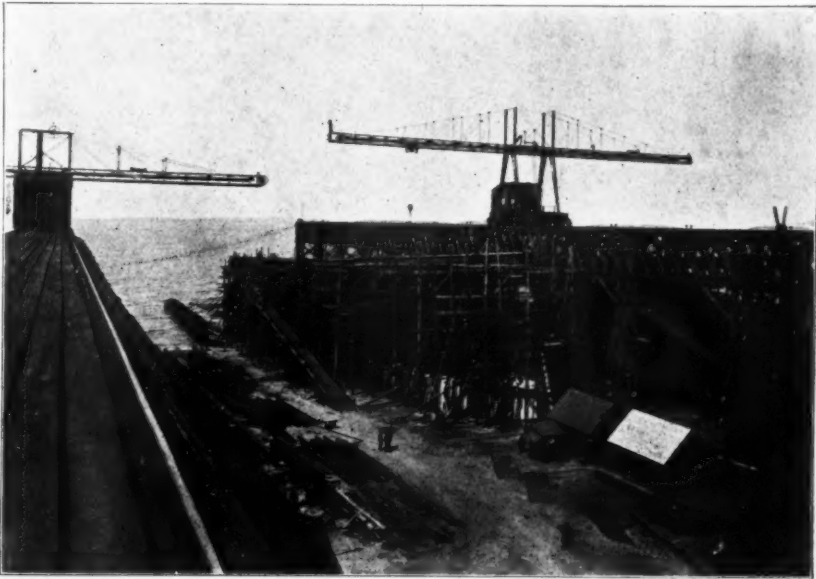


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

CANTILEVER CRANES, ELECTRIC ON RIGHT, STEAM ON LEFT.

$\frac{5}{8}$ inch steel are riveted on. The rivet-holes and all other openings are cut by giant pneumatic punches. The shops are fitted with all sorts of hoisting machinery; with its help two men easily lift to the machine a steel hull-plate five feet wide and long enough to bend by its own weight, and one man at the punch can swing it about while the other directs the tool which cuts out round or square pieces from the steel as easily and almost as quickly as a smart woman cuts out biscuit. When the rivet-holes are cut the plate goes on

divide the hull into water-tight compartments, are built up in position, plate by plate. At Newport News the partition, including the framing for the false bottom, is built on the floor of one of the shops much more quickly than in the old way. The crane then lifts it into the hull and holds it in place while it is riveted fast.

When the hull is complete, the bulk-heads in and the decks laid, it is launched.*

The launching makes of the hull an indi-

*For a description of launching see MIDLAND for June, 1898, p. 518.

vidual in law as well as in sentiment. The ship becomes subject to suit in her own name, is accountable for debts contracted for her supplies or repairs, etc., as if she were indeed a thing of life. There is no other ship-yard on the Atlantic coast of the United States where a hull may be launched without hausers attached to stop her before she runs aground. Here only we see the ideal launch, the hull plunging into the water, as far as her momentum will carry her, and moving out without danger to herself. On the Delaware ships are launched

steel, supervised by a keen-looking man in spectacles. The big lathe and others like it perfect the many heavy castings for the engine.

The pattern-room for castings has provided models for many parts of the ship while the hull was building, and the castings are ready when the hull is ready to receive them. The patterns are marvels of joinery, in design and finish almost attaining to the dignity of works of art. It is a triumph of skill to develop a small blue print into a beautifully curved,

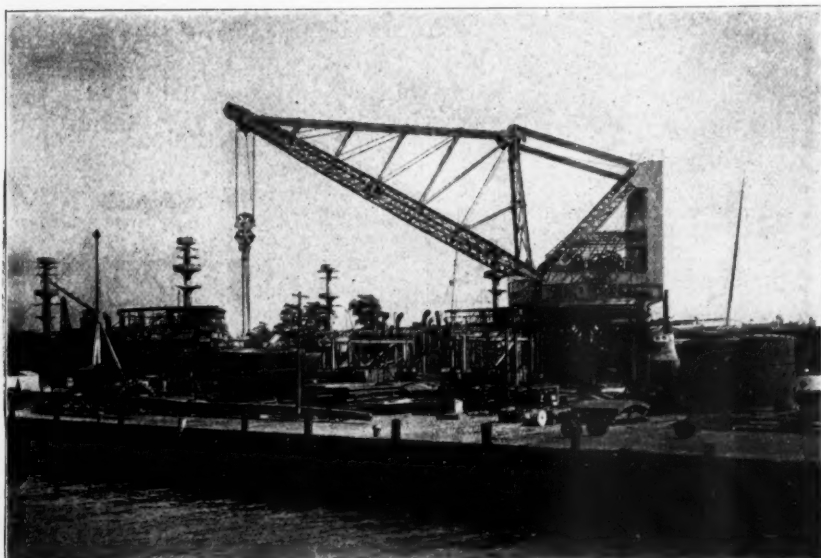


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

150 TON ELECTRIC DERRICK.

broadside to the water, and there as well as at all other yards except Newport News the hull is held by hawsers to keep it from going too far. Here on the James they saw the ways and off she goes, slipping out of her cradle into deep water and becoming like a living thing.

The great shaft of the ship's screw to reach from engine to propeller is turned in a monster lathe in the machine shop. The traveling crane overhead has lifted it into the machine, and day after day it slowly turns and the cutting point bites into the

full-sized model of a six-foot propeller blade. The turning, carving and cabinet work for the furnishings of the merchant ships are done under the same roof as the pattern-making. There are slender fluted columns, dainty carved edges, richly grained panels, and drawers with marvelous dovetailed corners. «Shipshape» means well done and compact, and these wooden fittings deserve the title. The wooden fittings of battle-ships are all removable. They are used in time of peace, but taken out when the ship is stripped for action, in order to

minimize the danger from flying splinters.

In the boiler-shops the nests of boilers are made ready, the great battle-ships now building have each five immense tubular boilers. The boilers for the «Wilmington» and «Nashville» were sets of tubes arching above the furnaces like interlocked fingers. It was thought the power could be thus developed by a boiler requiring smaller space. Those for the big ships are of the round sort seen in the illustration.

A large number of the machines in the yard are operated by compressed air. The

development of steam and electric tools kept step with it. Except in the boiler-shops, the machines make comparatively little noise about their work, some of the most powerful almost none at all.

Within a year a 150-ton electric derrick has been built beside the docks where the ships are finished. Fig. 4 shows it and its picturesque little round power-house. It is not used to lift ships into dry dock, but to put heavy machinery in place in the hulls. Each cantilever crane serve two hulls at one time. Two new electric ones are

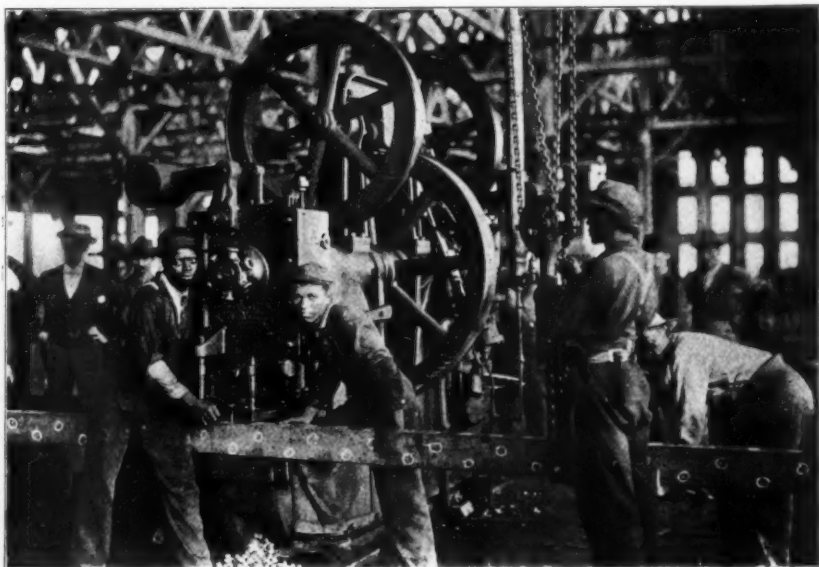


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

PNEUMATIC PUNCH CUTTING RIVET-HOLES.

oldest cantilever crane is moved by steam power. The other cantilever has electric power, as has the heavy movable one on the tracks in the yard, and the 150-ton derrick by the slip. The electric power is supplied from a central station in the yards. The traveling crane in the large machine shop moves by steam.

It is impossible to convey by words and pictures any adequate conception of the size and power of the machines in use. Marine architecture could not have become what it is had not the

begun and will be ready for work before autumn. The steam cantilever is soon to be moved beyond the electrics. When this is done two rows of keel blocks will be laid under each crane and the yard can work on eight large hulls at a time. The present capacity of the shops is nearly sufficient for that amount of work.

Work has been begun on a new dry dock to be even larger than the one already in use. It will be wide enough as well as long enough to dock our heaviest battle-ships. It has so far been true of government

docks, either that they were so long in construction that naval architecture outgrew them before they were finished, or else the work was done so slowly and was so poorly protected that sea worms made them unsafe before they could be used. This has not been true of docks built by private capital. The dry dock already in use (see illustration) is the only one on this coast in which the great liner «City of Paris» can be docked, and here she comes every year for renovation. A Denver school-boy said to his teacher: «How do they put a ship in

dock. Because she brought one print and the other is not for sale the MIDLAND cannot show pictorially the operation of the docking. The heavy lock gate is raised and allows the water to flow in. The ship is pushed in by a tug. The tug retires and the gate is closed. The water is pumped out by a monster force pump, able to empty the dock in about two hours. As it lowers and the ship settles, she is kept upright and exactly in the middle, by rows of wooden props reaching from the hull to the «steps» on either side. Eventually she

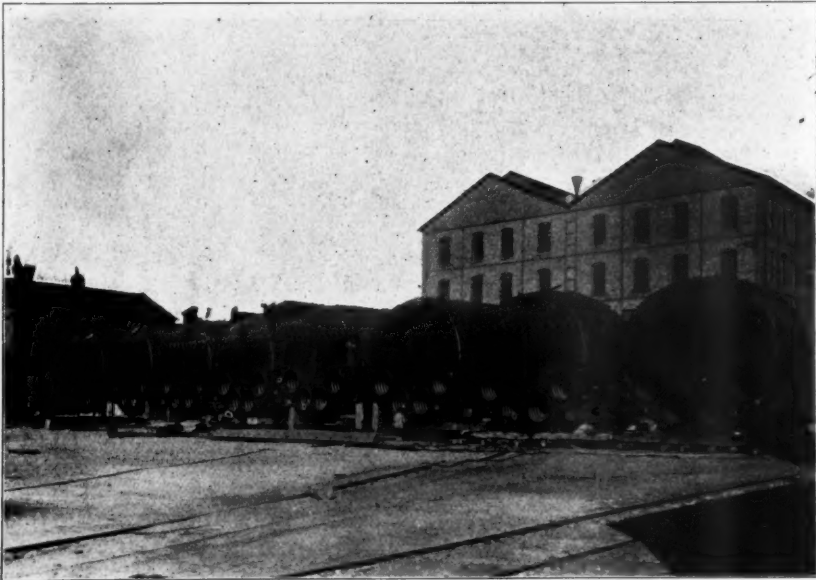


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

BOILERS FOR THE KENTUCKY AND KEARSARGE.

dry dock?» «Lift her up with a derrick and let her down inside,» the teacher answered quickly.

Now, this was a sensible young woman, and such a question was rather foreign to a Rocky Mountain teacher's work. After she answered she thought. When she came East last summer to the teacher's convention she visited Newport News and saw something of the shipyards. Then she went up town to Mr. Rusk, who had two fine large prints but no longer a negative, of a ship settling to her place in the dry

settles with her keel on the row of blocks seen in the bottom of the dock. Successful docking requires skill and experience. It will be remembered that the cruiser «Columbia» was supposed to have been seriously injured in an English dock, because the keel-blocks were too far apart, causing her keel-plates to bend under the strain upon them.

Apart from the universal interest intelligent people feel in power at work, the Newport News ship-yards are of general interest because of the war vessels built there.

The «Wilmington», «Nashville» and «Helena» were built there, and travelers about Hampton Roads in the spring of 1897 became familiar with the spry little craft running about on various trial trips. All three were designed for use on Asiatic rivers and are of light draft. They were equally useful in patrolling the Cuban coast. The «Nashville» brought in her prize; the «Wilmington» overhauled the Spanish lieutenant who was trying to run the blockade in order to see his wife and baby, and the captain, of whom his acquaint-

the battle-ship «Missouri» and the monitor «Arkansas.»

The steel armor for a man-of-war comes from the works moulded to fit the curve of the hull it is to protect. Each piece is numbered. The pieces go together with dowels and sockets, like the leaves of an extension table, and are bolted to the hull. The derrick lifts them to their places as the hull lies in the water. (See fig. 7.) The armor belt reaches from ram to stern and is usually about seven feet wide, four feet below and three above the load line.*

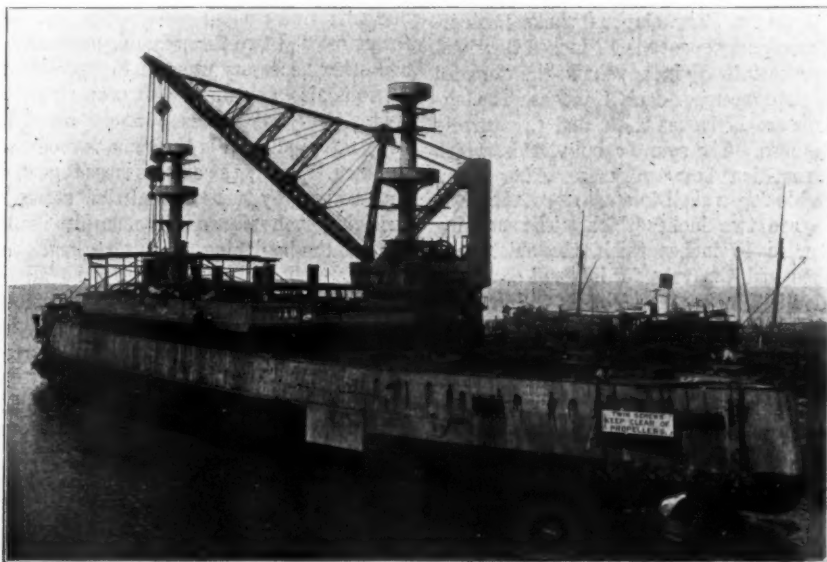


Photo by Rusk & Shaw.

PUTTING ARMOR BELT ON THE KEARSARGE.

ances expect such acts, allowed his prisoner to continue his journey on his parole of honor. The «Wilmington's» light draft enabled her to run close in shore to pepper the Spanish soldiers who showed themselves. All three of the boats gave a good account of themselves. Last year the ship-yards worked eighteen hours a day seven days in a week, remodeling merchant ships into naval auxiliaries of various kinds. Three battle-ships will probably be finished there this year and the company has the contract for

The special work which makes a war vessel out of the steel shell is done under the supervision of a naval constructor detailed by the Department to the yard. Just now the battle-ships so often referred to are receiving their electrical equipment under the direction of a naval expert in electrical work, who is not a constructor at all.

It was most convenient to get the speci-

*The load-line is the water-line on the ship's hull when she is fully loaded.

fications of the «Illinois» which is very like the twins, «Kearsarge» and «Kentucky.»

Length at load line,	368 feet.
Extreme breadth,	72 ft. 2.5 in.
Displacement,	11,500 tons.
Draft,	23½ feet.

Armor: side belt 3½ feet above and 6 feet below load line; thickness amidships, 16½ inches, tapering to 9½ inches at top. From forward of coal-bunkers to collision bulk-head the armor will taper to 10½ inches within 30 feet, in 20 feet more it will taper to 4 inches, which thickness will be retained to the bow. The diagonal armor protecting machinery spaces is 12 inches thick and the casemate 5½ inches thick, the forward casemate on upper deck, 6 inches. The barbettes are 17 inches thick, and the turrets 15 inches. The splinter bulk-heads, which are partitions between guns, making it impossible for a shell to spoil more than one gun, are two inches thick. The conning tower is 10 inches thick, the shields 10 inches and the tube for internal communication is 7 inches in thickness with a bore of 12 inches. This tube carries from the tower to the depths of the ship, wires for telephone, electrical and mechanical telegraphs, call-bells, general alarm gongs, signals for closing compartments, wires for battle order and range order instruments, and speaking-tubes.

The battery of the «Illinois» is four 13-inch guns, and fourteen 6-inch rapid fire guns, the secondary battery has sixteen 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts' automatic, and two 3-inch field-pieces, a new departure. There are also four torpedo tubes for White-head torpedoes. The ship is protected at the water line by a belt of corn-pith two feet thick and three feet high. If the hull is pierced near the water-line the water which rushes in will cause the pith to swell and stop up the hole. The «Illinois» is the first vessel upon which corn-pith has been used. It is the simple pith of the corn-stalk, neither more nor less.

The electrical plant will generate about 350 horse-power, operating 770 incandescent lights, all the statutory lights, four

search lights, and two night-signalling sets, and all the telephones and other means of electric communication. It will move the turrets, elevate, lower, load, and sight the guns, and hoist the ammunition from the magazines. Hitherto electricity has been applied to gunnery only on the «Brooklyn,» where it has proven satisfactory. The ship's engines will develop 10,000 horse-power and drive her at a speed of 16½ knots an hour. She will carry three anchors, weighing 13,500 pounds each, held by steel chains, each measuring 120 fathoms, and weighing 90,000 pounds. Her galley, or kitchen, contains a range big enough to cook for 508 men, four 60-gallon copper boilers, two for coffee and two for steaming vegetables, and other necessary utensils in proportion. There is also a smaller galley properly fitted up for the officers' mess. In our navy the daily ration allowed is the same for officers and men. Usually the officers mess together, each serving by turns a month as steward, receiving each messmate's monthly allowance at the beginning of his term and providing supplies with it. There is no allowance for entertainments in return for official courtesies received. The mess pays for these also. It is not always easy to do what is expected, on the official pay received. He was a shrewd man who said: «In order to get naval officers, this government has to catch boys young.»

The «Kentucky» and «Kearsarge» have the same length, beam and weight as the «Illinois.» They have superimposed, or two-story turrets, the lower having 16-inch, the upper 12-inch armor. The electric plants will develop 650 horse-power each. In addition to all the work done by the generators on the «Illinois,» the twin ships will be liberally supplied with electric fans. The secondary batteries will consist of twelve 5-inch guns, twenty 6-pounders, four Colt's automatic 1-pound, four Colt's automatic machine guns and two 3-inch field-pieces.

The «Missouri» is to be 388 feet long, 72 feet 2.5 inches beam, 12,500 tons displacement. Her battery is to consist of four 12-inch breach-loading rifles, sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns, twenty-four other

rapid-fire guns, the size to be settled hereafter, and such automatic guns as are needed when her plans are fully developed. Her 12-inch guns will have an armor-piercing power equal to the 13-inch guns now in use, but will not be so unwieldy. Her speed will be eighteen and one-half knots per hour.

The monitor «Arkansas» will be 225 feet long, 50 feet beam and 2700 tons displacement at 12½ feet draft. Her heavy battery will be two 12-inch guns.

The expert in high explosives says the «Vesuvius» type is not satisfactory. She is a thin shell that a heavy rifle could pierce, and she is not a steady gun-carriage. He does not think dynamite will never be used in the navy, but he does think the means of using it are not yet sufficiently developed to make it practicable. Not much has been said in commendation of the crew of the «Vesuvius.» Until they were tried, no one knew which end of her long, ghastly-looking guns was the more dangerous. Not a man on board had any assurance that he would survive their first discharge. There was no hesitation about using her when the time came.

It has been said the Newport News ship-yards are in many respects the best in this country. They are very modern. Ten years ago not a brick had been laid. There was plenty of money to invest, and everything was built on the largest scale. A switch from the railway runs into the yards, so all freight is delivered on the ground, indeed on any spot or in any shop where it is to be used. A locomotive belongs to the yards and is kept busy moving cars about. A derrick on railroad tracks is another convenience. It puts heavy plates on cars or carries them direct to the slip for the

armored ships. A wider-gauged derrick serves the cantilever cranes. Every labor-saving contrivance possible is made use of. The shops are so arranged that the output is classified, and the minimum of transportation required. The bending-sheds and rivetting-shops are near to the ways, the machine and boiler-shops near the slip where the ships are finished. Because there was money enough to begin large, the arrangement is convenient and no increase in the plant would demand the destruction of what is now in use. Because there is constant, profitable employment for it, the management makes money by keeping the plant equipped with the best of costly up-to-date machinery. The business is growing and pays generous dividends.

It is true that as yet steel ships are built more quickly in private yards than in those operated by the government. It is true as yet the ship-building work of private yards has ranked higher than that done by the government. The ships built in private yards cost less than those of the same class built in government yards. They are built more quickly by private parties because a time for their completion is specified in the contract, and the builder pays a heavy daily forfeit if he fails to complete his work as agreed. They cost less, because the private yard is so equipped as to perform the greatest possible amount of labor at the least possible expense. Always full of work, the owners can afford to keep it equipped with the latest and best machines. The work done by private yards must be first-class or the naval examining boards will not accept it, but the work done in government yards already belongs to our common Uncle and cannot well be rejected.

DREAMINGS.

The oriole fashioned his castle in air,
But practical he in his mood;
The castles I fashion are never as fair,
They never have sheltered a brood.

—Roy Farrell Greene.

THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

THE most gigantic display of the products and industries of this country was the World's Columbian Exposition held at Chicago in 1893. The next International Exposition will be the Centennial Celebration of the Louisiana

every quarter of the globe, no matter how remote. Every nation on the globe will be urged to make an exhibit, and there is every reason to anticipate that the acceptance of these invitations will be in excess of the Chicago World's Fair.



HON. D. R. FRANCIS, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

Purchase, to be held in St. Louis in 1903, but the plans contemplated for the Louisiana Centennial are for a still grander exposition. It will in no sense be local, and not even national. It is the avowed intention of the promoters of the enterprise to secure displays of unprecedented magnificence from

Who it was who first suggested the celebration is a matter for conjecture only. Hundreds have laid claim to it, and very likely in all sincerity; but the first practical work was done early in '98 when the Missouri Historical Society appointed a committee to formulate plans and make sug-



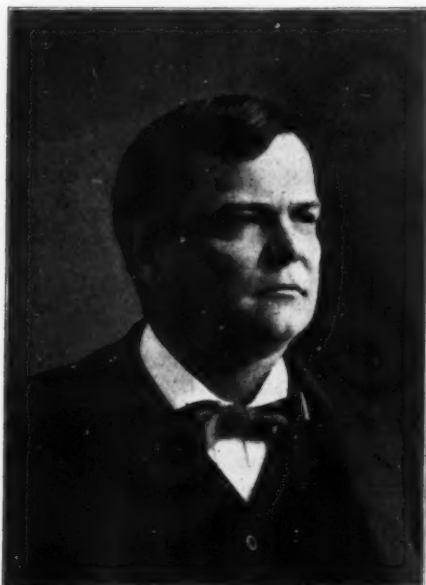
S. M. KENNARD, VICE CHAIRMAN OF THE
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
From a Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



PIERRE CHOTEAU, CHAIRMAN OF THE COM-
MITTEE OF TWO HUNDRED.
From a Steel Engraving.



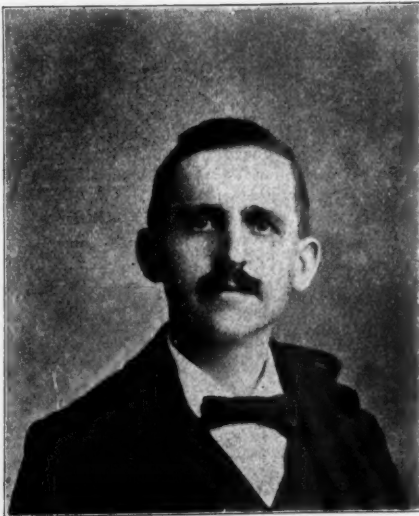
JAMES L. BLAIR, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE
ON CHARTER AND INCORPORATION.
From a Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



F. W. LEHMAN, CHIRMAN OF THE LEGISLATION
COMMITTEE.
From a Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

gestions on the subject. This committee was subsequently increased to fifty and all educational, professional and commercial organizations were invited to participate and co-operate. Mr. Pierre Chouteau was elected chairman and too much cannot be said of the work accomplished by the committee for what will be the greatest World's Fair in the history of this or any other country.

The original idea of the Historical Society was for the erection of a magnificent statue to the memory of the immortal Jefferson, who, in the face of the opposition of the most prominent statesmen of his



JAMES COX, SECRETARY OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AND THE COMMITTEE OF TWO HUNDRED.

time, purchased that great district of country known as the Louisiana Territory.

Late in the spring of '98, a sub-committee was appointed to devise plans and report back to the committee of fifty. Almost innumerable suggestions were brought before the committee and many of them were wholly impracticable. It was finally decided that an International Exposition was the only appropriate celebration of this great event in our nation's history. The magnitude of the undertaking was not overlooked,

and in order to insure success, the committee concluded that it would be necessary to secure the co-operation and support of all the states and territories included in the purchase. In pursuance of this resolution Gov. Stephens issued a call for a convention of all the states and territories in the purchase, the representation to be one delegate to each congressional district and two at large from each state.

The response to this call was gratifying, indeed, and on January 10th and 11th the convention was held at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis, nearly every state and territory being represented.

The Committee on resolutions and Order of Business, made up of one representative from each state and territory, reported unanimously in favor of celebrating the purchase by a World's Fair to be held in such place as the convention determined. The report was promptly adopted, and on roll-call every state except Louisiana announced St. Louis as its choice. Louisiana formally recorded its vote in favor of New Orleans, but the chairman of the Louisiana delegation moved to make the selection of St. Louis unanimous, and the resolution was adopted by a rising vote. From the moment, not only St. Louis but the entire Louisiana purchase territory became committed to a World's Fair in 1903, and the enthusiasm of the people of St. Louis, which had been to a certain extent held in check, became at once general and infectious.

At a banquet given to the delegates on the evening of January, 10th, stirring and eloquent speeches were made by Gov. Francis, Gen. John W. Noble, James L. Blair and others of St. Louis, and by the Hon. Lafayette Young of Iowa and other visitors. Mr. Jno. C. Wilkinson, President of the Business Men's League and Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the convention, occupied the chair and the occasion was one which will be given a place of honor in the annals of local history.

The convention completed its business on the following day, but before adjournment, elected an Executive Committee to continue the work so well commenced. Active prep-

arations were commenced immediately in St. Louis. The committee of fifty held an enthusiastic meeting at which it was decided to increase the membership to two hundred, which was done. The Committee of Two Hundred met on February 10th, just one month after the convention. The evening was one of the coldest in the history of St. Louis, but more than one hundred and twenty of the members were present, and apologies on the ground of illness were sent by at least thirty of the absentees. The committee on organization presented a practical report outlining the policy to be adopted, and if at any time there had been a doubt as to whether St. Louis was able to hold a World's Fair equal in magnitude to that of 1893, such doubts were dispelled before the meeting adjourned.

The World's Fair at Chicago involved an aggregate outlay of \$23,000,000, but it is conceded that several millions were unnecessarily expended. The management had few precedents to guide them owing to the fact that the Fair was on a scale so much larger than anything ever attempted before, that it was impossible for them to profit by mistakes which had been made by others. St. Louis has an advantage in this respect, for we will be able to get access to the full government and private reports of the Chicago World's Fair, and present to the world an Exposition surpassing in magnitude the Chicago World's Fair at an expenditure of not more than \$25,000,000. Of this sum \$5,000,000 is now being raised by the citizens of St. Louis. The government is expected to appropriate \$5,000,000 in addition to about \$1,500,000 for a government exhibit. The Missouri Legislature will undoubtedly recommend a constitutional amendment making it possible to appropriate another \$5,000,000, and the municipality of St. Louis is relied upon for a further contribution of \$5,000,000.

That the Centennial Celebration of the Louisiana Purchase will be a success is a

foregone conclusion. We have gone too far to fail. We have talked so much of a big affair that it would be hurtful to moderate our plans and give to the public anything short of the biggest Exposition ever held in any part of the world.

The population of the Louisiana Territory in 1890 was 12,500,000, more than twice the entire population of the United States at the time of the purchase by Jefferson. The number of square miles in the purchased territory is 1,282,463, and the population is not less than 19,000,000. More than one-seventh of the wheat crop of the world was raised in the territory last year and the total value of the crop of 1898 exceeded \$659,000,000. There are in the territory more than 62,000 miles of railroad and these railroads alone are valued at \$3,000,000,000. At least \$700,000,000 are invested in manufacturing, and the annual value of the manufactured products is largely in excess of \$1,000,000,000. The total wealth of the territory which was purchased less than one hundred years ago for \$15,000,000, is now more than \$15,000,000,000, or one-fourth the total wealth of the United States.

St. Louis enjoys practically a monopoly of the trade of the best buying States in the purchase, and also that of Texas, which was originally included in the purchase, but was not delivered to the United States until after the war with Mexico. In the matter of trade territory, St. Louis leads every city in the United States. This is true because of the fact that each of the three cities which rank before it in the matter of population, are situated either on the coast or lake line, and hence the population within five hundred miles of either of them is considerably less than the population within a radius of five hundred miles of St. Louis. The territory included in such a radius, with St. Louis as its center, comprises the most fertile region of the world, both in agriculture and minerals.



THE TWO CRONIES.

By A MISSISSIPPIAN.

I.

DAN AND BILLY.

THE Yazoo Delta has quite a number of lakes buried in its sylvan depths, some famous for beauty, some for utility, others for sport in the way of hunting and fishing, and still others for all combined. Among the latter was one which we will call Clear Lake. It was a body of water fully ten or fifteen miles in length and three hundred yards in width. In some seasons of the year it was not so broad, but was always a beautiful sheet of water, lined with a narrow fringe of cypress trees and a broad belt of cultivated plantations on one side, and a deep dark forest on the other. With imposing bends, and beautiful views extending one and two miles to the next curve of wooded shore, no one could look upon this work of nature, without a feeling of deep pleasure.

It was a rich contribution to the gallery of mental pictures, to see Clear Lake at the hours of sunset and twilight. At such times both sky and earth contended for the heart of the water beauty, and she like a coquette secured gifts from both, taking some of the rosy flush of the West, some of the clear light of the sky, and some of the dark shadows which the forest upon the northern bank urged upon her. Later still, the evening star pinned a diamond on her breast.

The principal crafts on the lake were skiffs, a box-like scow, made for trot-line fishing and gigging purposes, and the more popular dug-out, a boat of eight or ten feet in length, and carved, so to speak, out of a single log, and made so light and capsizable, that a stranger taking his first ride in one would be advised not to shift the "chaw tobacco" in his mouth. They were paddled with one oar, could go very swiftly, and made the lightest rippling noise when in full motion and so were much used in hunting and fishing, besides being utilized for visiting purposes both by blacks and whites.

What the gondola was to Venice, the dug-out was to Clear Lake.

The homes of the plantation owners were separated a mile or more from each other and generally fronted the lake, the "place" itself, at the time of which we write, being rented, and sub-rented to negroes and a sprinkling of white people.

Among the notable characters who lived on Clear Lake, was Daniel Bivings. He had come out of the Civil War with no military honor and renown, with no wounds, trophies, or treasure, and in fact with but little else than a long gray coat and slouch hat. In the general wreck which followed the "Surrender," it was but natural that he should look about for means of support for himself and mother; and not being a professional man, and not having any capital to start a store, the wisest thing he could do, and in fact the only step which was left him, was to rent twenty acres of cleared land with a two roomed cabin fronting the swamp, and commence farming on a small scale under Major Ellerton, whose beautiful plantation lay stretched for a mile upon the shore of the still more beautiful lake.

Dan was a tall, thin, sallow looking man of forty. He had a bald head, large faded blue eyes, and a narrow Roman nose, the last third of it always red, and a long straggling beard which had a way of parting and floating over each shoulder when he ploughed in the field, or rode with any degree of swiftness on horse, or more properly speaking, mule back.

He was not considered handsome by his warmest friends, while one of his enemies said "that the devil himself would run if he met him in the dark."

Dad had no special fondness for labor; he was theoretically, practically and constitutionally opposed to it. But the celebrated Hobson's choice (not of Merrimac fame) confronted him and he had to take the plow handles or starve.

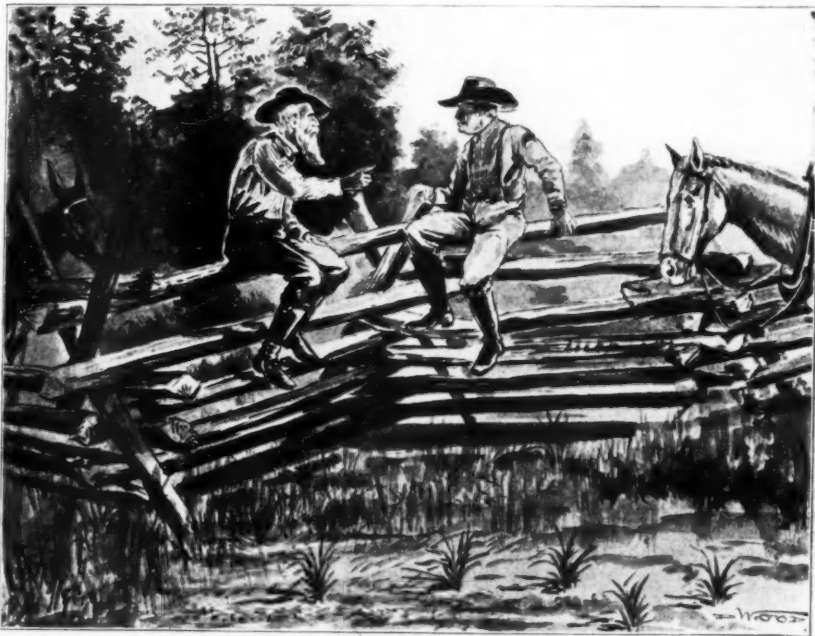
He had secured as his plow animal, as

well as steed for riding, a tall old mule upon whom Dan had conferred the name of January, for what reason was not stated unless certain patches of white hair here and there reminded his owner of that frosty, snowy month of the year. January, like his master, was not overly fond of work, and showed a constant disposition to stop. He had a way of galloping when vigorously urged to do so which showed considerable action of body but not much progress; it was a great going

said about him mainly in his presence, and so was a kind of protection to the finer sensibilities of his mule nature.

It was both a sight and sound never to be forgotten when Dad hitched up January and started in the spring to break up the ground for plowing. Every body knew in a mile's distance the morning the work commenced, as he made more noise than all the other plowers in that part of the plantation.

«Whoa January! Gee mule! Haw there



GREAT AGRICULTURAL AND MILITARY PROBLEMS WOULD BE SOLVED.

up and down, but with precious little forward movement. He had also contracted or inherited the affliction of deafness. «He's not only dumb, sir,» said Dan, «but deaf.» It was not a moderate case of hardness of hearing; that scarcely did the subject justice, for it required something approximating thunder to produce a sensation on the tympanum of the animal's ear. We said it was an affliction, but this was questionable, for this very deafness saved January from hearing the many bitter and sometimes unmentionable things which Dan

there January! Don't you hear me tellin' you to haw! Haw mule! Whoa—haw—mule! Durn yer ole hide—is you plum deaf? Haw there mule! Did any body ever see such a—whoa there January! Whoa—haw—gee!»

And so it went on, all the morning and evening, the woods taking up the echoes, passers-by smiling, while distant negro plowers would say with a loud guffaw to each other across the furrows, «Marse Dan an' Jinewary is in fur it terday.» And so they were, the mule partly on account of his na-

ture, but mainly through his deafness, having most of it his own way. As Dan grew excited in these plowing experiences his eyes would bulge, his nose become inflamed, his beard part as January serenely and unconsciously dragged him around, while his voice would take on a tremulo attachment as he vociferated "Gee-e-e-e Jan-u-a-ry—" with a rising inflection on the mule's name that was always lost upon the animal, but invariably convulsed human listeners. Then as the mule in his deafness kept going on, when he should have stopped, and stopped when he should have gone on, Dan would fairly surpass himself in adjectives, expletives, and expressions which we could never get our consent to have appear on these pages.

Dan had several faults. One already anticipated was occasional profanity. He said in extenuation that January was the sole cause of it, that he would long ago have been a consistent member of the church but for that mule. He grimly affirmed that January would have to be responsible for the loss of his soul.

A second fault was tobacco chewing. So great was his fondness for the weed that he seemed rather to eat it, than to ruminate with that slow motion of the jaws which others had. Then he used every brand, not caring who made it or where it came from, so it was tobacco. The juice from these different brands trickling upon and staining his beard with lines of brown, orange and other rich oriental colors, had given him something like a rainbow as a chin appendage. The quids which he masticated and exhausted were so large, that there was a legend on the Lake that a hunter mistook one for a blackbird and fired upon it. In spitting, Dan made no less than four distinct sounds, as follows: "Spit"—"squirt"—"pitchoo"—and "squish"—. The sound of course being regulated by the amount of amber in the mouth.

A third moral blemish in Dan's life was an occasional spree. Those who knew him best said that he always had a little liquor in him, and that the color of his nose correctly gauged the amount inside. It was supposed that daily potations kept the pink

blossom on the end of his nostrils all the year round. As he went deeper into his cups, the scarlet steadily ascended, and when Dan had all he could hold, the entire organ became aflame, his eyes would assume a set expression, or a "sot-look," as the negroes called it, and it became almost impossible for the observer to look at the man and preserve his gravity. The attempt to appear wise and solemn as he fixed his eyes and pulled his beard, resulting only in an exceedingly empty and silly looking face and demeanor, was a picture not soon to be forgotten.

But Dan had also a virtue. He was a man of few words. Whether it was that he had nothing to say, or did not care to say anything, for there was a difference of opinion here, yet it was generally admitted that he was a man of remarkable reticence, having only on several occasions been betrayed into a paragraphic utterance. In fact, a neighbor once said of him that "Dan Bivings has said less, and spit more in Yazoo County than any man who ever lived here."

The following quite common colloquy may serve to give an idea of Dan's ornate style of speech:

- "Good morning, Dan."
- "Mornin'."
- "How is everything on the Lake?"
- "Middlin'."
- "Is your mother well?"
- "Yep."
- "Crop all right?"
- "Shore."
- "Going to Yazoo City to-day?"
- "Yah."
- "Will you be back to-night?"
- "Uh-hunh."
- "Fine day to-day."
- "You bet."

When Dan had a few drinks aboard, was seated on a box, or in a barrel chair before the stove of a country store, he was the picture of drunken gravity. Being asked some simple question, he would pull his bead, reflectively for a minute, spit copiously, say "Yep," and then roll his eyes around with the air of a man who had delivered himself—and so he had, of a gill of tobacco juice. If he went deeper in his

cups he gave up even his monosyllables, set his eyes, combed his beard with his fingers, and looked like a Judge, Coroner, and Undertaker, all three in one.

Dan had periodic movements, one of a weekly and the other of a monthly character. Every Saturday he visited a country store five miles from Clear Lake at the foot of the hills, where he lounged away the day with other equally industrious characters, made his four tobacco sounds—spit, squirt, pitchoo, and squish; said yep, yah, shore, and uh-hunh, and returned late in the evening through the swamp to his log cabin, with the red banner unfurled at varying length along the nostril; his mother having only to glance at this member of her son's countenance to know whether she should get supper for him or put him to bed.

Once a month Dan went to Yazoo City. For what purpose was not clear, as he traded on credit at a country store. But still he would go, and his form would be seen again on the streets of the county seat. He could not tarry long, as he came twenty miles, and had to return the same distance. So, with all his loafing around, blending his tobacco juice with that of the spitting fraternity, and contributing his «yeps» and «shores» to the general current of street talk, he would every now and then take a glance at the sun, and at four in the afternoon rejoin January, who had been fastened back of a store in a dusty lot that was plentifully garnished with dog fennel and jimson weed.

As January generally dozed away the hours when tied in this interesting locality, and was deaf, as has been narrated, whenever Dan touched the reins, there would be a sudden awakening, violent snorting and backing of the mule, while Dan, dragged most unceremoniously through the jimson weeds, would, with the old tremulo movement of the voice cry out, «Dad blame your old fool soul, Who-o-o-o-a January!»

After this they would loom forth on Mound Street, then up Jefferson, then into and along Main heading north; January with his three motions, upward, downward and somewhat homeward, and Dan with flapping elbows, parted beard, and set eyes,

both rider and steed now evidently agreed upon one thing, and that being to reach home as soon after nightfall as possible.

Billy Buffington, the bosom friend and frequent companion of Dan Bivings, was beardless, round-faced, and sandy haired. He had a way when deeply interested in his own speech of stepping back after one of his remarks and with his hands on his hips, surveying the person he had just addressed, as if to see whether he could possibly bear up after such a deliverance. At the same time his nostrils would expand, and his eyes had a curious way of enlarging, so that the whites could be seen like a ring around the pupils. He had also a habit, not to say accomplishment, of gathering and rolling a small quantity of saliva in his mouth and suddenly expelling it with a «flit» or bullet-like sound, which made one think of a minnie-ball shot from a gun. As he at the same time dropped his head on one side and slightly cocked one of his eyes, it greatly strengthened the fancy.

Billy had no drinking habits, but smoked a cob pipe, and indulged in the use of by-words and expletives, by which he relieved himself in times of high mental pressure. They were: «I Ganny,» «Dad fetch it,» and «Corn twist it.» He also used in a climatic way, certain facts in connection with the military history of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, which he seemed to regard as argument clinchers to any statement or speech he had just made. From these latter expressions, it was easy to see where his sympathies were in the Civil War. As he himself would say, to visiting friends, «Do you see those two hounds there on the floor? Well, sir, that's Lee and Jackson. That tells the story, sir. That shows you who I am, and where I am. Corn twist my hide 'if it don't, or Stonewall Jackson was no fighter.»

Saying this, he would back off, look at one with the white rings around his eyes as if he expected the person to fall over; would next shoot a saliva minnie-ball in the air, and then returned to the quiet walks of peaceful life once more.

Billy, like Dan, was a lachelor of forty years of age, or thereabouts. Like many

others, he found himself, at the end of the Civil War, stripped of all he ever possessed, and had to come down, with great reluctance to hard work. He rented a small piece of land fronting on Clear Lake, and situated about two miles from his friend Bivings.

His preparation for his first day's plowing, a labor to which he was a perfect stranger, excited the wonder of every passerby. He carried out to the field with him an umbrella, a washbowl, pitcher and towel, and a large palmetto fan. Plowing to the end of the row and then back, he would leave his horse, bathe his crimson face, then get under his umbrella, and there sit for ten minutes vigorously fanning himself. The furrows he made that day were not numerous on account of the frequent washings and fannings and prolonged rests, and they were also quite remarkable for their crookedness. Some one passing by cried out: "Hello Billy, what is the matter with your furrows?" His ringing reply from under the umbrella was: "I Ganny, the sun warped 'em, or Bob Lee was no General."

Two other things greatly militated against his being a successful agriculturist. One was his fondness for fishing and hunting, which would beguile him in the woods or on the Lake shore or Yazoo River; and the other was his friendship for Daniel Bivings. In fact, this friendship greatly injured the crops of both of these gentlemen. They paid each other two or three visits a week. Billy would come up on his gray mare to see how Dan and his crop was getting on, and they would become so interested in talking about the best way of planting, the best seed, the best staple, the best price, and so forth, that several hours would pass by unnoticed, all to the hurt of the growing corn and cotton, albeit to the great enjoyment of the Gray and January.

After this, Dan would go down to see Billy, and, either sitting on January or perched on the staked and ridged fence, the unfinished conversation about the crops would be resumed, or reminiscences of the war related for the one hundredth time. Billy, at first, would plow a furrow or so, saying he was badly in the grass, but the

talk would become so interesting that it would result in his mounting the top rail of a pannel near Dan, and then for the next two or three hours great agricultural and military problems would be solved, while January dozed on one side of the fence, the Gray on the other, and the crap grass and the morning glories, with their white, pink and purple blossoms wound a death embrace around the stalks of the rustling corn. The sunshine gleamed on field and forest, the waves of the Lake rippled in the crisp morning breeze; the field lark dipped his undulating flight across the meadow, and the bright hued woodpecker sent forth his shrill vocal performance and applauded himself vigorously on a dead limb. It was the very morning that men with the constitutional peculiarities of Bivings and Buffington would enjoy sitting on a fence chewing toothpicks furnished by the splinters of the top rail, and telling how the world might, could, would, and should be run.

Dan and Billy were of good stock, as they were fond of saying. While Mississippians born and raised, yet they allowed few opportunities to escape of referring to the Buffingtons of Virginia, and the Bivings of South Carolina. But what with the demoralizing influence of the war, frequent contact with a lower race in the struggles for bread, they had become careless in dress as well as in speech. They discarded neckties about the time they dropped the "g" in all words ending in "ing," and ceased blacking their shoes close to the date when they turned the letter "e" into "i" in the word get. They had also taken liberties with the English language in other particulars, which the Buffingtons of Virginia and the Bivings of South Carolina would never have tolerated. In fact, Dan and Billy both said so; therefore it must have been so.

II.

THE CAUSE OF DIVISION.

In the midst of the warm friendship existing between Dan and Billy, there arrived a family to live on Clear Lake, by the name of Robinson. This household which was to exercise a great influence in the lives of the cronies, had come down from the hills whose

red clay fields had yielded them such a bare living that they had concluded to try the rich black soil of the swamp. They were in humble circumstances, one wagon containing all their possessions. They moved into a three roomed cabin on Major Ellerton's place, midway between Bivings and Buffington. The home circle consisted of the father, who was a widower, two gawky sons of fifteen and sixteen, and a sprightly good looking girl of eighteen, named

made melodious by her really good voice, the sound at last became pleasant to the ear.

So it did to Daniel Bivings and William Buffington, who in passing and repassing the house would suddenly become thirsty, and made it convenient to stop for sundry gourds of water; and at last from a mere acquaintanceship, reached the point where n going by they would be cordially hailed by Joe Robinson, the father, as he sat in his



STOPPING THE DASHER TO HEAR WHAT HER ADMIRERS WERE SAYING.

Amanda, which name the family had abbreviated to Mandy.

The daughter of the Robinsons was a tall slender maiden with large dark eyes and olive tinted complexion. She had the habit often seen in certain walks of life of wearing a sun bonnet in the house. She had also the drawling sing-song way of talking, peculiar to a social plane in the hill country. While at first one would be disposed to smile at, and object to this conversational chanting which so encroached on the nasal, yet modified as it was in Mandy's case, and

shirtsleeves on the porch, and told to "Light and look at your saddle."

This was considered a highly proper and cordial invitation by both sides, and from alighting and looking at their saddles, Dan and Billy had at different times, but hardly ever together, got first to the gallery, then into the plain front apartment used as a sitting and bed room combined, and finally to an occasional meal with the family. Here Mr. Robinson and his boys ate in their shirt sleeves, while Mandy with the sides of her sun bonnet flapping about her fire crimsoned

face waited on the table, and with her sing song voice and pretty rows of teeth completed the damage already begun in the hearts of her visitors.

Both Dan and Billy were inwardly convinced that the Bivings of South Carolina, and the Buffingtons of Virginia, would have been horrified at the shirt-sleeved spectacle at the table, and highly amused and scornful over the drawl which all the family possessed; but Mandy's eyes, cheeks and trim figure were too much for the social exiles, and so family scruples and opinions first tottered and then fell with a crash before this spectacle of country charms clothed in red calico.

It was difficult to tell when Mandy was most fascinating. Sometimes she looked best at the churn, stopping the dasher occasionally to bend forward to hear what her admirers were saying. But this attractive vision had to go down before the flitting spectacle at the spinning wheel, as with the delicate thread in her hand the girl walked backward and forward a picture of unconscious ease and grace. Then this in turn sank into inferiority before the supple bending form and crimson cheeks brought to their rose color by hovering over the skillets and frying pans in the preparation of dinner.

After one of these scenes both Dan and Billy dreamed of palatial homes on the Yazoo River with steamers passing in front, statuary on the lawn, and a lovely sitting and dining room combined, with a table bountifully supplied, and at the head a smiling vision of loveliness in five-cent red calico saying in a sing song tone: «Husban', have somethin' mo' on yo' plate?»

When Billy dreamed this dream, he was sure that Mandy was talking to him in her drawling voice, but awoke to find it was the droning sound of a spinning wheel in a neighboring negro cabin. The awakening was quite bitter.

This attachment was the first division between the two friends. Both were in love with Mandy, and both wanted to conceal that fact from the other. About these two facts there remained not a shadow of doubt. As to other facts, whether she loved them,

and which one she liked best, there was grave uncertainty. To outsiders the girl seemed to feel and act the same toward the Cronies. It was noticeable that she began smiling the instant she saw either one, and during their visits would at times burst into fits of laughter, and that too when nothing was being said.

At first this merriment disturbed her two visitors somewhat, but they finally grew accustomed to it, as they had to her chanting style of talking, and now rather liked the outbursts.

Buffington, however, was certain that he recognized signs of a decided preference for himself, and felt that much of Mandy's laughter sprang from a heart overflowing with happiness over the presence of love in her heart and the object of her love before her eyes. Then one day she told him something about Dan which convinced him that he (Billy) was the favored man. On the other hand she confided something to Dan relative to Billy, which caused the Master of January to chuckle a good deal, not only then, but all that afternoon.

Such was the situation of affairs for some weeks, greatly to the benefit of the crops of both men, for they being somewhat suspicious and jealous of one another, the old time mutual visits were discontinued; and as love is said to drive ones chariot wheels, and they had no chariots, but plows, they actually did more and better plowing than they had since the first year of their renting, at which time they strove for a reputation for industry.

As Dan «broke out the middles» in the field, and saw the soft black earth turned into long beautiful ridges, it was a prophecy in figure to him of Mandy yielding to his steady advances; and in the swelling furrow, he could see the bosom of the girl heaving under the attentions and love he was softly and persistently throwing upon her.

Billy Buffington, in his rambles through the woods, or by the river or lakeside with gun or fishing pole, had Mandy in his mind when he brought down a duck on the wing, or landed a glittering perch on the shore.

«I'll bag her yet,» or «I'll string her

yet," was his chuckling comment at the end of many a successful shot or haul. Sometimes it was "I Ganny, I've got her, or Bob Lee is no General."

The attentions of the two Cronies to the damsel from the hills were not confined to sighs, glances and soft words, but there were actions of such a public nature as set many doubts at rest and at the same time many tongues agoing on Clear Lake. These attentions plainly indicated both the love and rivalry. Billy took Mandy to a barbecue on the Yazoo River, whereupon Dan escorted her to a fish fry on Honey Island. Billy treated her to a horseback ride to the hills, and Dan immediately retorted with a skiff row on Clear Lake by moon light.

Neither did the ministries of love end here, but developed in a still more material and profitable character. Billy sent in a string of fish; Dan brought a sack of sweet potatoes. Billy presented three wild ducks; Dan carried over a half dozen kershaws. Billy gave some squirrels; Dan followed suit with a bag of dried peaches.

So the attentions reigned on Mandy to the improvement of her home larder, and the perfect satisfaction of Mr. Robinson, the father, who, as he ate these swamp delicacies remarked at the table—

"I dunno, but I'd like to have about three sons-in-law, Mandy, ef they'd all do like Bivings and Buffington."

"I expec'," replied Mandy, "they'd get no 'count after they got married."

Mr. Robinson winced under this speech as he was notoriously fond of sitting a long time in one place and allowing other people to do what properly belonged to him. Indeed it had been whispered around in the hills that Mrs. Robinson had sunk into the grave ahead of time owing to Mr. Robinson having permitted her to do her full quota of farm work and half of his own in addition. He was a forgetful kind of a man about some things.

But to return to the Cronies' love affair, the climax was reached in Dan's case one day when Mandy taught him how to card cotton, and turn the bats into fleecy white rolls ready for the spinning wheel. Dan was all in a tremble when the girl bent over

him with her warm breath on his cheek and showed him the mystery. He was slow to learn, as the teaching kept Mandy close by, but by and by, he mastered the art, although he felt quite foolish when Billy rode up and saw him sitting in the room busily at work with a pile of the transformed material in a chair before him.

Billy looked a little sulky at first over this home scene, but being naturally of a sunny disposition, he soon shot off his bosom gloom through his lips, in the shape of a few saliva balls, and had the very next day the pleasure of holding a hank of yarn in his hands while Mandy rolled the thread as it slipped from his fingers on a ball.

Billy felt he could stay in such a position forever; for the task brought them very near together, and the thread would get into occasional tangles, causing Mandy's hand to come in contact with his as she strove with the knot, and sending magnetic thrills through him at every touch. He was not much of a praying man, but he most fervently hoped, if he did not supplicate, that there would be no end to the knots and no termination whatever to the thread of that hank which Mandy had hung on his outstretched palms and uplifted thumbs. Meantime his enchantress told him—

"He was the orkidest man she ever seen."

All of which delighted him, for a man in love enjoys being scolded in that kind of way by the object of his affection. She certainly played havoc with Billy that morning, for as she wound the thread on the ball, she wound the love-sick Mississippian more than ever around herself.

"I Ganny," said the victim afterwards to himself, "She wrapped me 'round her finger that day good fashion, or Stonewall Jackson was no fighter."

During the days that Dan helped Mandy, or thought he helped her, in the carding of cotton, January gained ten pounds, and the grass in the Bivings' field gained almost as many inches.

As for Billy, after the hank and ball winding experience, he felt so soft-hearted and kind to everything that for days he had no

desire to jerk a fish out of the water, or bring a bird or squirrel down from a tree with one of his unerring shots.

There was one thing, however, which puzzled both Dan and Billy, about Mandy, and that was that more than once, and right in the midst of their most devoted attentions to her she had asked them, as if coming out of a brown study—

«Do you know the Poorvall folks?»

She would say nothing more after the question, but looked like she had something else to state, but either could not, or would not.

One morning, the very day of the hank and yarn ball incident, Mandy chanted out—

«Do you know the Poorvall folks, as lives on Big Black?»

«No,» replied Billy. «Did you ever meet the Buffingtons, of Virginia?»

As Mandy had been born and raised on Techeva Creek, and had never been out of the country, there was a most refreshing needlessness in the query. Of course Mandy replied in the negative. Billy, in speaking about it afterwards to Dan, said—

«As sure as Stonewall Jackson was a fighter, I floored her, sir, with that question. This is the third time she has asked me about those Purvall folks, as she calls them. But I saw her wince, and give in, when I mentioned the Buffingtons.»

«The Purvalls,» remarked Dan, «must be some punkins, for she has asked me a time or two if I knew 'em.»

«Well sir,» replied Billy, shooting several minnie balls, «they may be some punkins, but the Buffingtons is the horse that can swallow them and put them out of sight.»

«Yep,» answered Dan, with a pitchoo, «but punkins is too much for a horse sometimes.»

It was only a few days after that, Dan was making a short morning call on the Robinson family in general, and Mandy in particular. The girl was sitting in a low chair on the puncheon floor gallery knitting. A string of red pepper hung just over her head on the wall, together with two fishing poles and a yellow gourd near the water pail on the shelf. A cat purred at her feet. in the sunshine, a handsome red and gold-

tinted rooster was escorting a dozen comely hens around in the front yard, and taking full time to show off his gorgeous dress, while a loud cackling in the back yard announced a new laid egg.

The domestic scene quite warmed Dan's heart; he felt that if Robinson and his two gawky boys, then sitting in the front room, could be wiped out of existence, he would like to step in that very morning, and then and there become the master and owner of everything in sight, especially of Mandy.

He had come down to tell her that Billy and himself were going away the next day to the head of Honey Island on a hunting and fishing excursion. He intended to watch her closely when he gave this information and see how deep the iron would enter her soul. By her agitation or manifest pain he would get more light on the matter as to how much she returned the love which was glowing in his heart for her; so with a considerable quaver of anxiety in his voice, he said—

«Miss Mandy, after to-day you won't see me and Billy again for quite a while.»

«Do say,» sing songed Mandy, «where are you goin'?»

«Way up the river on a camp hunt. Gone a whole week.»

«Well, you mus' take keer o' yourself.»

«Shore,» replied Dan, and looked in vain for the sign of the iron entering her soul at the thought of separation. Perhaps it went too deep for human eyes, thought Dan. So he went through his four tobacco sounds, and steadily looking at her, waited for developments. Suddenly she seemed to be interested, put her head into a kind of a reflecting position and said—

«Jim, ain't that old Speck a cacklin' out there in the garden'?»

«No,» promptly replied Jim, the younger brother. «Hits Ole Rumplus.»

«Sold again,» thought Dan, with a pitchoo. «But wimmin are cunnin'. They often feel more than they will admit and show. If Robinson and his two long legged boys would only go to the field where they belong, a fellow could say somethin' and bring the boil to a head.»

So thus Dan inwardly fumed, but to no

avail, as Robinson and his sons had a resting fit on them that morning, and entertained no idea of departing to oblige their visitor or anybody else.

But for their presence, Dan saw how he could bring the whole matter of doubt into the realm of certainty. He would ask Mandy, for instance, whether she would like him to bring her some bear meat; and if she said yes, then he would advance a step and offer her a ham of deer; if she

While wondering what to do, Mandy raised her dark eyes from the knitting and said—

“Mr. Bivings, do you know the Poor-valls?”

Dan came very near saying, “Drat the Purvalls,” but checked himself in time, while inwardly boiling over the situation and the question. Meantime his discomfort was increased by hearing Robinson and his gosling sons snickering inside the room. What in



DAN RETORTED WITH A SKIFF ROW ON CLEAR LAKE BY MOONLIGHT.

still answered affirmatively, he would then softly beg for the privilege of bringing and giving himself to her. He was much struck with the plan. It was such a delicate, gradual approach, through the bear, then the deer, to himself. The deer pronounced gently and tenderly would prepare the way for the concluding offer.

But then there was Robinson and his two boys in the front room and in full ear shot, so what could he say. Did Robinson never have a courting match? Had his boys no sense?

the name of all the Bivings in South Carolina was that lazy, good-for-nothing Joe Robinson and his two long legged boys laughing about?

Mandy seemed to be on the point of speaking again, when Billy came riding up, and Dan went away.

III.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

The camp hunt was over, and the hunters scattered to their different homes loaded with the spoils of the chase.

Billy concluded to return on the western bank of the Yazoo in order to see a friend, while Dan crossed a river ferry and came homeward on a more direct route. He was in a tremor to see Mandy. He felt that he could not go to his own cabin, until he had beheld his charmer of the spinning wheel, and red calico dress. So skirting the fields to keep his mother from seeing him, and taking a circuitous path through the woods, he came up on the opposite side of the Robinson home. He had a gunny sack well filled with game, a goodly portion being for Mandy. According to previous design he had a piece of bear meat, a venison ham, and a duck; the last being a final happy thought. He intended watching her face closely when the gifts were presented, and if she did not soften when he offered the venison with the word deer softly and significantly pronounced, he would then pull out the fowl and ask her to be his duck.

As he rode up toward the house his mind filled with these thrilling delicious thoughts, he was astonished to find it empty, silent and desolate. The yard partook of the solitariness of the dwelling, not a sign of life being seen anywhere, the whole place bare and stripped as if by a cyclone.

Hitching January at the fence, Dan walked up the yard, through the open door into the empty room. Not soul to be seen, not a stick of furniture left in the house. The very floor had been swept clean. Walking out to the front gallery the eye noticed that the strings of red pepper, fishing poles, yellow gourd, and bucket were all gone.

With a sickening sensation, Dan sat down on the front steps and wondered what made the world look so empty. A blue jay was screaming in the woods in front, and a wood-pecker was solemnly tapping on the dead limb of a large tree near by. It seemed to Dan that the jay was crying out, «Mandy,» «Mandy,» while the wood-pecker was driving nails in a coffin up in the air. The man sat wondering and heart-sick nearly an hour, on the steps of the forsaken home, when Billy Buffington suddenly appeared on his gray in the road.

«Hello, the house,» he cried after a few moments pause.

«Light,» said Dan.

«Where's your wife and family?»

«Gone a visitin',» replied Dan with a face so solemn that Billy changed his bantering tone.

«Where's the folks?» he asked, coming up the walk.

«Dunno,» answered Dan, with a squirt of tobacco.

«Well, well, well,» ejaculated Billy as he walked through the silent yard, up on the empty gallery, peeped in the vacant rooms, and finally took his seat on the wash shelf.

«What does all this mean, Dan? Where is Mandy and all the rest?»

«How do I know? I found the house empty like you see it.»

Billy gave a long, low whistle, worked his lips a moment, and sent a saliva ball fully ten feet into the yard.

Dan gave a squashing sound.

Billy sent another minnie ball into the air.

At this juncture, Major Ellerton, who was riding by, stopped at the gate and asked them with a laugh and sly look if they were examining the premises with a view of renting.

The Cronies were too low spirited to return the Major's jocular remark. They, however, advanced to him, and leaning on the fence, were soon put in possession of the following facts, (Billy, meanwhile shooting many a minnie ball as the story proceeded, and Dan going through his tobacco sounds of spit, squirt, pitchoo and squash, not less than a dozen times):

It seemed that Mandy had been engaged all the time to a man named Purvall, a young farmer living on Big Black. Purvall had promised his father on his death-bed that he would not marry while his mother was living. The mother, quite an invalid, and demanding much of the son's attention, had suddenly died a week ago. Purvall had come down immediately for Mandy after the funeral. Mr. Robinson had found another tenant on Major Ellerton's place, who took his crop and lease off his hands, and the whole family had packed up and gone away with Purvall, only stopping in Yazoo City long enough to get married, and

by this time had been in their home on Big Black fully two days.

At the end of the story, for a full minute, there was no sound heard, but the shooting of minnie balls by Billy, and a squishing from Dan, which might well have stood for the gushing of blood. Buffington stood looking at the waves of Clear Lake, which could be seen across the field, and Dad had his eyes fixed on the swamp. The men were evidently so deeply hurt, that Major Ellerton, who was a man of real delicacy of feeling, as well as kindness of heart, considerably rode off with a pleasant smile and a cordial good-bye.

After a while Billy said—

«Sold.»

«You bet,» was Dan's solemn reply.

«I see now,» added Billy, «what she meat by always asking us if we knew the Purvalls.»

«Uh-hunh,» grunted Dan.

«Mercy on me, where's the fool-killer. I'm ready for him,» groaned Billy, letting three minnie balls fly in rapid succession.

Dan only pitchood in reply.

«To think,» continued Billy, «of a Buffington going down before a Robinson. Of a man who fought under Bob Lee, flanked and outgeneraled by a girl in calico, hailing from the piney woods.»

«I'm sorry for Purvall,» broke in Dan, looking up at the wood pecker, who was still at work on the aerial coffin.

«Yes, sir,» put in Billy; «and so am I. She will fool him yet, just like she did—well—I Ganny! Purvall will yet call himself Poorvall before that girl is done with him.»

After some more unburdening of heart loads by way of speech, saliva balls and expectoration in general, the two cronies parted, taking different directions toward their homes.

Now, some men under similar circumstances of disappointed love have been known to commit suicide, others to leave the country forever, and still others have flown to morphine or the whisky bottle; but let the reader note how different was the conduct of our two heroes from all such,

and yet also how dissimilarly they acted from each other.

Billy went on a bear hunt for a week, and came back loaded down with fresh wild meat. He had parted with a good deal of his agony in the woods. Every time he shot he felt better, and when he finally had a tussle with a wounded bear, he said that he worked off on the animal some of the bad feelings which had gathered against Purvall, so that at last he felt he could return home.

Dan went to Yazoo City. He might have gotten drunk and careered around his neighborhood like a wild Indian, but instead he took a day's trip to the county seat. It is true that the visit ended in a spree, but he explained afterwards that he did not so intend. His idea had been to meet some of his street corner tobacco friends and spit off some of his misery, but the sight of a number of stylishly dressed women on the streets brought back the memory of Mandy, and before he knew it he had taken a half dozen drinks, the color had run the entire length of his nose, and Dan, in high feather, was ready for home.

He found the faithful January in the dusty lot among the jimson weeds and dog fennel, and tied with unsteady hands on the back his saddle a bundle containing fifteen yards of calico for his mother. Some one saw him five minutes later coming up Main street, and turning the corner of Jefferson, with his beard divided on his shoulders, his eyes set, his nose aflame, January rising and falling in what was intended to be a gallop, and the entire bolt of calico streaming in the wind behind. Both mule and rider were serenely unconscious of their comet-like appearance, and were last seen bearing off in a north-easterly direction toward Clear Lake. Fortunately for old Mrs. Bivings, the tail of the comet was at last gathered up, the nucleus in the shape of Dan and his mule reaching home between ten and eleven o'clock. The maternal salutation was—

«Is that you, Dan'el?»

«Yep, mother.»

«Drunk again, I reckon?» was the rejoinder. Whereupon, taking a candle she held

it high over her head as she stood in the door way and inspected her belated son. The nose was red from end to end. This meant that the bed was all that was needed, and so to bed he went, and in five minutes certain stertorous sounds declared that Dan had forgotten all his sorrows. Meanwhile the mother before the fireplace examined and brushed the tail of one comet at least which had come so nigh the world as to bear off with it a great deal of mud.

It was fully two weeks before Dan and Billy felt able to meet each other. There was not only the pain of past associations and memories, but the fact that each had tried to get ahead of the other in winning the hand and heart of the damsel caused some embarrassing anticipations at the very thought of the other's presence.

This state of things, however, was a benediction to their crops; for what was left of the pangs of disappointed love, Dan endeavored to work off in his furrows; and Billy did the same with the added help of shooting ducks in the morning and squirrels in the afternoon. But the old friendship was too strong for a long separation, and so at last Billy received a message from Dan to "Come and see him and bring his dinner with him." This was the very height of a cordial invitation, and in due time Billy arrived. For the first few minutes there was naturally a little stiffness and awkwardness, with some facial performances not put down in the books of oratory, rhetoric and the like; but after Billy had shot five or six minnie balls and Dan had gone through his tobacco sounds twice, and said "Yep," "Yah," "You bet" and "Shore," the two human streams came together again and flowed on amicably as of yore. They even attempted a little gaying of each other, as follows:

"Dan, what made you ever imagine that Mandy loved you?"

"For the same reason," fired back Dan, "that you fancied she loved you."

"She never cared for you like she did for me, Dan. She had a different feeling for me than she did for you."

"Yep," replied Dan, "and she had a dif-

ferent feeling for Purvall, it seems, than she had for you."

Billy winced under this retort, but went on—

"This affair has greatly softened my nature. It is making a man out of me. It is really a golden sorrow to me."

"I don't see either gold, silver, or bank notes in it myself," was Dan's dry rejoinder.

"Dan," returned Billy, "I see there is nothing of the poetic or sentimental about you. I was speaking figuratively, of course. The Buffingtons, of Virginia, were people of a cultured and poetic nature."

"I'll stake," broke in Dan, "The Bivings, of South Carolina, against the whole world for the high bred and correct thing in all matters."

"The fact is," said Billy, paying no attention to Dan, "I have inherited a great deal of the Buffington's taste and ability for poetry. Did I ever tell you about my writing some sonnets and odes for the papers?"

"Dunno that you did," answered Dan with a bored look.

"Well, I did, and this sorrow has revived my dormant gifts and I have begun a poem, called 'Lines to Mandy.' I have written one verse already, and expect to write three more with a refrain to each verse."

"If I were you," replied Dan, with a twinkle in his eye, "I would make the whole thing a refrain."

"Now, look here, Dan Bivings, if you intend that for a joke, I hope heaven will forgive you, for I can't; the thing is too poor to live, much less to forgive. But would you really like to hear what I have written?"

"Shore," returned Dan, taking a big bite off his tobacco plug in order to fortify himself.

Billy solemnly removed a leathern wallet from his inside pocket and with careful hands extracted a sheet of letter paper which, as he unfolded, revealed the caption and a solitary stanza near the top. Billy sat down on a stump, and after firing a few minnie balls into space, proceeded to read with proper melodramatic voice the follow-

ing lines, with Dan looking over his shoulder:

LINES TO MANDY ROBINSON.

The partridge whistles for its mate,
The lonely dove mourns from the pine,
The black bird
And Mandy Rob'son is not mine.

"Why don't you end that third line?" asked Dan.

"Well," replied Billy, scratching the back of his head so as to tilt his hat over his

of his hand, and said with an air of one who had solved a great problem.

"Change your bird."

"Oh that won't do," snapped Billy. "There's nothing the matter with the black bird; its an appropriate rhyme to mate I want and can't get. I tried a half night, I tell you, and it wont come."

"Yep, I see," returned Dan. "But it wont do to leave the thing like it is, for it reads now that 'The black bird and Mandy



WITH HIS BEARD DIVIDED AND THE ENTIRE BOLT OF CALICO STREAMING IN THE WIND.

forehead, "I can't find a rhyme for mate. There is plate, skate, grate, late and fate, but none of the will do. I stayed awake half a night trying to fix up that third line, but its a goner. Its no use going to the second verse till I get this one fixed up."

"Can't you make the black bird line end with sitting on the gate?" suggested Dan, sympathetically.

"No," replied Billy, "there would be no sense of appropriateness in that."

Dan squshed about a gill of amber on the ground, wiped his mouth with the back

Rob'son is not mine' — that is that two things don't belong to you, Mandy and the black bird."

"Well," answered Billy weariedly, "its got to stay that way until I get a rhyme for mate that will meet the demands of the poem."

Dan still continued to look over Billy's shoulder at the embryo poem with an occasional "pitchoo" in the air. Finally he spoke—

"Billy what makes you cut up Mandy's last name that way and call it Rob'son?"

"That," replied Billy, "is to put the regular number of feet in the last line. I studied that kind of thing the year I was in college."

"Well, why don't you take some of your extra feet out of your last line and put em' in the third line with the black bird?"

"Dan Bivings," interjected Billy, "you know as much about poetry as a woodpecker does about the Fourth of July." Whereupon, taking the precious manuscript and, returning it tenderly to the leathern wallet and that receptacle to his pocket, he made a minnie ball, fired it about ten feet and stood with folded arms looking in a meditative way at a distant gleaming vision of Clear Lake.

IV.

MORE SURPRISES AND THE END.

A couple of weeks later the cronies met again. With a fortnight's flight of time they had softened still more, and felt kinder to Mandy and even peaceably to Purvall; anyhow they thought so.

"It is a beautiful recollection," said Billy. "A picture to hang up on the walls of memory."

"A sockdologer," said Dan.

"I'm glad I knew her," continued Billy.

"Me, too," replied Dan.

"She was a fine girl," Billy went on, "considering her station in life."

"Yep," said Dan; "a sweet creature."

"I can't for my life see how you ever got it into your head that she loved you, Dan."

"Well, if you will force me to explain, I will say this, that whenever I was there she could never take her eyes off me. A man would be a fool not to see something in conduct like this."

"Why, Dan," said Billy, bursting into a big laugh, "do you know what she told me about that? She said that your nose literally fascinated her. That she never saw a nose in all her life that interested her as much. She said sometimes it made her laugh, and then again she felt sad, for it reminded her of the sunset. She said your beard stood for the clouds and your nose for the setting sun."

"Did she say that?" broke in Dan with an angry "pitchoo."

"She did, or Bob Lee was no general. Do you remember the day she whispered something to me by the water shelf? Well, that was it. I Ganny, it is so."

"Well, dad fetch her Hoosier hide of her. I hope Purvall will live to beat the life out of her."

For several minutes after this stormy declaration Dan did nothing but fume, blow, squirt, "pitchoo," and talk about the lightning striking tar heels and tallow faces.

"Don't take it so hard, Dan," said Billy consolingly. "Don't take it so hard. You ought to be glad that you furnished some entertainment to her."

Dan said nothing to this as he slowly ruminated on his weed. Suddenly a light flashed into his eyes. "Look here, Billy, what made you think she cared for you? Now, honest Injun. Tell the truth and shame the devil. Own up, as I did."

"Well," answered Billy after firing a couple of minnie balls, "I judged it from several things, but mainly from the fact that whenever I would leave her she would follow me with her eyes, and even come after me across the room, upon the gallery, and into the yard. It was at first a little embarrassing, but finally became pleasant."

At this Dan fairly fell over against the fence where they were talking while his whoops sent a rabbit flying out of a clump of bushes to the woods. Billy's eyes contracted and expanded, and at last with considerable dignity he demanded an explanation.

"Wait," said Dan, "till I get my breath. Well, ha!—ha!—ha!—How will I ever get it out—Billy, old boy, she told me she wouldn't miss seeing you pucker your mouth and shoot your saliva balls for pay. She said a circus with a clown and monkey all throw'd in wasn't equal to you with your mouth draw'd up to shoot and one of your eyes squinted as if you was taking aim at something."

This was the longest speech that Dan had ever been known to make, and it was certainly effective. Billy's eyes looked like

he had borrowed a pair of Saturn's rings.

"Dan Bivings, do you solemnly swear that she said that?"

"May I drop dead in my tracks, if she didn't."

There was a long silence between the men, in which Billy fired more minnie balls to the minute than he had ever been known to do before. It seemed also from the force with which they were projected, that he was aiming at somebody on Big Black.

Then followed a duel between the two men of minnie balls and copious expectoration. At last, with a look upon his face as if he was settling the most important of matters, Billy said.

"If I had married her the Buffington's, of Virginia, would never have lifted up their heads again."

"The Bivings, of South Carolina,—" commenced Dan.



THE STRONG MAN, SITTING ON A WOODEN BENCH BEFORE HIS LONELY CABIN, BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS AND WEPT.

Finally he turned to Dan, with withering sarcasm in his voice, and said:

"She was far below our station."

"Shore," replied Dan.

"Nothing but a giggling ignoramus," added Billy.

"Tallow faced at that," said Dan.

"She was a whining, drawling Tar-heel," pursued Billy hotly.

"A back-woods hussy," said Dan.

"I'm glad Purvall got her," snapped Billy.

"Me, too," said Dan.

"I am certainly sorry for Purvall," interposed Billy.

"Me, too," said Dan.

The cronies walked on together down the road after these fierce speeches, and stopped involuntarily before the empty Robinson cabin which fronted the bayou and swamp. The evening was coming on. A few locusts were at their drowsy song in the trees as if sorrowing over the absence of Mandy, and the house and yard looked dark and desolate.

The men stood looking silently for a few

minutes at the empty nest whose song bird had flown, and with a parting grasp of each other's hand, separated. Both turned their faces homeward, and both in spite of their defiant words, were weak and sick at heart for a sing-songed voiced country girl in red calico, who that very instant was supremely happy on Big Black with Tom Purvall, another man.

Dan sat in front of his humble home which looked upon the swamp, and listened until long after nightfall to the melancholy chanting of the frogs in the bayou. His late conversation with Billy had revived the partially buried past, and torn apart the wound that had begun to heal. He refused the supper to which he was repeatedly summoned by his mother, and remained silent in the dark, the only sound coming through the open door to the waiting women being the soft rustling of the corn which grew close to the cabin, and the "pitchoo" of her grieving son which came as regularly out of the dark as if timed by a watch.

Billy also sat in front of his cabin door and looked out on Clear Lake as it lay quiet and beautiful before him. He saw it crimson in the sunset, then pale and darken as his hopes and life had done, while the forest on the opposite side became gloomy and spectral. But still the man sat with his chin resting on his arms as he gazed upon the glimmering sheet of water.

By and by the owls began their usual night concert across the lake. One was

particularly vociferous as he called out, according to the negro translation—

"I cooks for myself,
Who cooks for you all?"

"Why," laughed Billy, "that is poetry. Anyhow it is yart of a verse and I'll finish it for him the next time he says it."

In another minute from across the lake came the owl hoot—

"I cooks for myself,
Who cooks for you all?"

Billy sprang to his feet and putting his hands to his mouth like a trumpet, he shouted back—

"I cooks for myself,
And Mandy for Purvall."

The cry echoed back from the other side, and went reverberating up the dark wooded shore with faint, and fainter repetitions, "Mandy for Purvall," "Mandy for Purvall," until at a distant bend of the lake it could just be heard, "Mandy for Purvall," and then all was still.

The owl was silenced, but so was his interrupter. The momentary fun was all gone out of Billy, and sitting down on a wooden bench before his lonely cabin, he, the strong man who boasted of the Buffington family pride and said he was glad Purvall had the girl he loved, buried his face in his hands and wept great, bitter, scalding tears in the starlight.

BENEATH THE HOOD.

Beneath the hood her eyes were bright —

I shyly watched her where she stood,—

Her tresses looked like scraps of night

Beneath the hood.

Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,

Such lips — like flowers warm with light —

Would quickly melt the iciest mood.

Beneath the hood.

I stole behind her — 't was n't right,

I call it neither wise nor good,—

I put propety to flight

Beneath the hood!

—C. Keller.

GRANT'S VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

By COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

A History.

(BEGUN IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER, 1892.)

PREPARING TO MOVE.

WHILE waiting the arrival of all things absolutely needful for the further campaign, Grant was engaged in the hurried preparation of orders and advice to his subordinates in all parts of his large department; to Prentiss at Helena, and Hurlbut at Memphis and others, organizing vigorous movements and increased pressure against Pemberton from the north; also giving directions to the forces left west of the river to guide them when he should plunge into the interior beyond communication with them.

A small garrison was left at Grand Gulf, and his army was concentrated near Hankinson's Ferry on Black River, on the highway between Port Gibson and Vicksburg. Meantime he took possession of the next ferry, 12 miles north, on Black River, where another road crossed leading to Vicksburg.

On the 6th he wrote to Halleck from Hankinson's Ferry, where he had advanced his headquarters, saying:

"Ferrying, land transportation and rations to Grand Gulf is detaining me on Black River. I will move as soon as three days' rations are secured, and send the wagons back to the Gulf for more to follow. * * * The country is the most broken and difficult to operate in I ever saw. Our victory has been most complete, and the enemy thoroughly demoralized."

WHAT THE CONFEDERATES WERE SAYING AND DOING.

Now that the Confederates began to realize their peril, let us see what they were saying and doing to avert the new danger.

Bowen (Port Gibson) to Pemberton, 30th: "Three thousand Federals were at Bethel Church, 10 miles from Port Gibson, at 3 p. m., advancing. They are still landing at Bruinsburg."

Pemberton to President Davis, May 1st: "A furious battle has been going on

since daylight just below Port Gibson. Gen. Bowen reports Gen. Tracy killed. The Virginia battery was captured by the enemy. Bowen says he is outnumbered trebly. Enemy can cross all his army from Hard Times to Bruinsburg. Enemy's success in passing our batteries has completely changed character of defense."

President Davis' answer: "Heavy reinforcements will be sent from Beauregard's command."

Pemberton to President Davis, May 1st: "Bowen has fallen back behind Bayou Pierre. He will endeavor to hold it until reinforcements arrive. I am cut off from communication with Grand Gulf and Port Gibson."

Gen. Johnston, Tullahoma, to Pemberton: "If Grant's army lands on this side of the river, the safety of Mississippi depends on beating him. For that object you should unite your whole force."

Pemberton to Gen. Loring (Northern Mississippi): "Hurry down troops with all possible haste, without baggage. Bowen is hard pressed."

Loring to Pemberton: "Enemy was yesterday evening crossing Tallahatchie at New Albany in force of 3000 cavalry. If this be true, I must have heavy reinforcements, myself."

Poor Pemberton! He no sooner wired Loring to hasten from the north to help Bowen, than Loring reported the Federals upon him on that side, and himself begging for help.

Pemberton to President Davis, May 2d: "Gen. Bowen was compelled to fall back. Thirty-five hundred reinforcements are *en route* to him. Unless large reinforcements are sent, I think Port Hudson and Grand Gulf should be evacuated, and the whole force concentrated for defense of Vicksburg and Jackson. It will require at least 6000 cavalry to prevent heavy raids and to keep railroad communication, on which our supplies depend. Vicksburg and Port Hudson have now each about 30

days supplies. A large force which I have no means of meeting is reported advancing from La Grange and Corinth."

Pemberton to Bowen, May 2d: "You must endeavor to cross Big Black, abandoning Grand Gulf and destroying guns, ammunition and stores."

Pemberton to Gen. Buckner at Mobile: "You must assist me in defending Mobile and Ohio Railroad. I have to send all troops I can raise to aid Gen. Bowen."

Pemberton to Buckner, Mobile: "Four thousand enemy's cavalry, brigade of infantry and 12 pieces artillery at New Albany last night. You see the necessity of assisting me."

This was part of Grant's force operating from the north, and did not belong to his Vicksburg army. The cavalry force with him in this campaign was very small—less than 2,000. Pemberton now hastily moved his headquarters from Jackson to Vicksburg, and on the 3d he telegraphed to his Adjutant General at Jackson, saying:

"Enemy is crossing his whole force. It is very likely he will move on Jackson. Be prepared to remove all records eastward."

Next morning he telegraphed President Davis: "Gen. Bowen is falling back behind Big Black. Loring is now with him. I shall concentrate all my troops this side of Big Black. * * * Grand Gulf is abandoned."

Loring (who had superseded Bowen) to Pemberton, May 3d: "The command is now rapidly passing Big Black. Shall the army move with dispatch to Vicksburg, or shall it hold the Big Black?"

Pemberton's answer: "You will move up and take position at the railroad bridge."

Gen. Stevenson (who had gone to reinforce Loring at Black River) to Pemberton, May 3d: "I heard this evening that a lot of beef cattle had been left on the other side of the river. I sent to the rear guard to inquire if there would be time to get them. It was just too late."

Pemberton to Arsenal at Jackson: "Ammunition sent from Edwards Depot captured by the enemy. More must be sent immediately."

War Office, Richmond, to Pemberton, May 4th: "Ten thousand men have

been ordered to you from Gen. Beauregard. Five thousand and some batteries on the way."

Pemberton to Gen. Gardner (Port Hudson) May 4th: "You must come and bring with you 5000 Infantry."

Pemberton to Loring, May 5th: "The enemy, both infantry and cavalry, are reported advancing upon Edwards Depot. Take your position at the bridge or at Edwards Depot, as you may deem best. You must hold the bridge."

Pemberton to Col. Richardson: "Move from Brookhaven in direction of Port Gibson and press the enemy's rear as much as possible, cutting their supply train. Other cavalry is operating from Edwards Depot with same purpose."

President Davis to Gen. Pemberton, May 7th: "Am anxiously expecting further information of your active operations. *Want of transportation of supplies must compel the enemy to seek a junction with their fleet after a few days' absence from it.* * * * You may expect whatever is in my power to do."

Gen. Pemberton to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi River, May 9th: * * * "You can contribute materially to the defense of Vicksburg and the navigation of the Mississippi River by a movement upon the line of communications of the enemy on the western side of the river. He draws his supplies over this route. To break this would render a most important service. I trust you will be able, as I know you desire, to co-operate with me in this vital undertaking."

To Col. Adams he said: "Gen. Gregg is ordered to Raymond. Direct your cavalry there to scout and operate against the enemy."

The author has thought it important to make these extended, yet very brief extracts from the Confederate war records in order that the reader may understand, from their own words at the time, the activity and energy displayed by the Confederates in attempts to meet the crisis which Grant's sudden coming had precipitated upon them.

We left Grant and his army a few days ago concentrating at Hankinson's Ferry on Black River, about 12 miles northeast of Grand Gulf, and Sherman's corps hurrying down from ex-

ploiting at Haine's Bluff above Vicksburg, and now approaching. Grant was therefore now ready to make another spring. But look a moment at his extraordinary environments. Gardner had been ordered to hasten from Port Hudson with 5000 infantry to move up from the south on Grant's rear. Buckner had hastened a brigade up the railroad from Mobile to defend the railroad south of Jackson, and reinforce Wirt Adams' cavalry which was ordered to operate from the east on Grant's line of communication. Ten thousand men and several batteries of artillery were ordered up from Beauregard to reinforce at the State capital, and push out to Raymond, on Grant's right front. A force of cavalry were ordered from Tennessee and all the Confederate forces within supporting distance of the State capital were hurrying to its defense and the line of railroad to Vicksburg.

Gen. E. Kirby Smith was urged to press in from Louisiana and Southern Arkansas, and attack Grant's forces west of the river and rally to Pemberton's aid, while Pemberton, Loring, Bowen and the others were marshalling their forces of nearly 40,000 in rear of Vicksburg on the line of the Big Black, all meaning to converge upon Grant's compact army of 35,000, and "annihilate or drive it into the Mississippi River," as Gen. Loring suggested.

Here was a grand array of fully 60,000 men, in many detachments, encircling and menacing Grant on every side. None of these, except Gen. Gardner's force at Port Hudson, were distant more than two marches. Should Grant secure his base, fortify and await a larger force? Banks might join him after a while with his army. Or should he move into the very center of these converging forces of the enemy? A timid General would have hesitated. But Grant did not hesitate. He had used the few days of detention to learn the positions and movements of the enemy. He was clear from the outset that the moment a scanty supply reached him he would move swiftly on the center of the enemy's lines and strike with cyclonic swiftness, divide and destroy the enemy before they could concentrate their separated columns. The array about him was formidable. He did not have to reckon

with laggards, or unskilled opponents; but with men of highest skill and greatest energy, *desperately* in earnest. It was a mighty game that was about to open. And when it did open on May 7th, there began anew the most splendid campaign in history; great in conception and brilliant in execution.

When Grant gave the order, "Forward," no army ever marched with lighter step, with more alacrity or determined courage. There were slight delays waiting for the arrival of some essential supplies, so that it was not until the 9th that all parts of the army were in motion. Grant notified Halleck: "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more," and plunged into the interior. McPherson's corps, Logan's division in advance, moved towards Raymond and Jackson, far to the northeast. Adams' cavalry attacked the column on the right flank, and was so severely chastised that it did not return. On the morning of the 12th, the head of Grant's army struck the enemy in line of battle in a strong position four miles southwest of Raymond, and a furious battle ensued. The dashing and skillful McPherson was guiding, and the fighting divisions of Gens. Logan and Crocker bore the shock of battle. The enemy was driven from one position to another, and by four o'clock was completely defeated and driven from the field with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners; and were pursued with energy through and beyond the town of Raymond before nightfall. This shattered force, with reinforcements that joined it, were driven next day and the next to Jackson, the State capital.

While McPherson was moving on the Raymond and Jackson road, Grant was moving the two corps of Sherman and McClernand (minus Blair's and McArthur's divisions not yet arrived) up towards Edwards Station on the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, McClernand on the left covering all the ferries over Black River leading to Vicksburg, with Sherman between him and McPherson, all moving on such parallel roads as existed, abreast and in touch, ready to concentrate for attack or defense.

I may here pause to remark that Grant's greatness as a field marshal did not consist in the greatness of his com-

binations, and the swiftness of their execution, more than it did in his orderly movement of great armies without the slightest friction, confusion or haltings. Under his eye, and under his orders, no column of troops was ever found to block the way of another. The most complicated movements worked out in perfect order as the many wheels of an intricate machine, revolve rapidly and noiselessly in their appointed place. In this particular he was certainly without an equal in the American army.

While Grant was thus moving north, menacing Pemberton's communications by railway between Jackson and Vicksburg, and approaching dangerously near to it, the latter had thrown all his movable army in front of Grant's left and in front of his own entrenched position at Edwards Stations and Big Black Bridge, expecting Grant to attack him there.

Here, again, we see Grant's genius as a consummate field strategist exhibiting itself. The victory at Raymond left the road to Jackson open, and he suddenly concluded that instead of attacking Pemberton in his chosen position at Edwards Station, he would amuse that General by menacing him with attack by McClelland's force, while he would swiftly advance against Johnston at Jackson with Sherman's and McPherson's corps. Instantly he threw the latter General forward from Raymond north to strike the Jackson Railroad at Clinton, destroy it as he moved rapidly on Jackson to attack it on the west and north sides. Sherman was ordered to move with "all possible expedition" east through Raymond to attack Jackson on the west and south. As McPherson's columns cleared the town in the morning, moving north toward Clinton, Sherman's columns came marching with rapid tramp and steady swing eastward toward Jackson. This was the next day after the battle of Raymond. The rain and mud were something fearful, but the men, soaked with rain, and often knee-deep in water and mud, cheerfully pushed on, and next morning they were in front of the defenses of the State capital.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had hastened down from Tennessee with such aid as he could bring, and was now personally in command at Jackson, and Pemberton

in Vicksburg. Johnston had hastened every available force which Grant's swift onrush would enable him to move to his aid (about 12,000 men in strong fortifications) when, on the 14th, while the demoralized and defeated force from Raymond was marching in behind the fortifications at Jackson, McPherson deployed his army before the works and, giving no time, furiously attacked them. The artillery was formidable on both sides, and the duel was a splendid one. The battle raged with great fury during the most terrific storm of thunder, lightning and rain that was ever experienced. Amid the bursting of shells and the firing of artillery it was difficult to distinguish between the bolts of heaven and the shot, shells and reports of cannon.

While McPherson was fighting desperately on the left, Sherman swung his corps into position far to the right and brought his batteries to bear on the enemy, and his infantry attacked the stubborn and plucky enemy with such vigor and determination that they gave way and retreated from the works and from the city. The battle was a stubborn one, and resulted in the loss to the Confederates of nearly 1000 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and seventeen valuable cannon. Grant commanded in person.

Gen. Johnston retreated ten miles north of Jackson, from which point he communicated with Pemberton, whose army was at or near Edwards Station, expecting an attack by McClelland. Gen. Grant rode at once to the State capital and the National flag again floated over its dome.

Jackson was the most important railroad center in the Confederate Southwest. The railroad, bridges and rolling stock were destroyed in every direction. The city was also the center for army supplies. It also had large factories for manufacturing arms, ammunition, clothing and other supplies for the army, and contained immense Confederate storehouses filled. These were all destroyed; in short, as a railroad and manufacturing center it was annihilated. The loss was many millions, and greatly crippled the resources of the Confederate army in the Southwest.

While this brilliant maneuver was in progress, McClernand had been gradually, but slowly withdrawn from Pemberton's front and moved towards Raymond, as if he, too, were moving on Jackson. Grant had two objects in thus drawing off McClernand; he would avoid a possible attack by Pemberton's whole army on McClernand's single corps during the absence of Sherman and McPherson at Jackson and it would also be very likely to draw Pemberton away from his fortified positions and tempt him out in the open. The stratagem worked out precisely as Grant intended. Up to this time, too, Grant had kept detachments hovering around the various ferries over Black River in his rear, making demonstrations in such ways as to give the impression to the enemy that his army might suddenly wheel to the left, cross over at some of the ferries, and reach and attack Vicksburg from that direction. This had the effect of mystifying Pemberton as to Grant's real intentions, and made it necessary for him to hold an adequate garrison in Vicksburg to repel any sudden attack, precisely as had been the case when Sherman menaced Haine's Bluff two weeks previously. In a dispatch to Bowen, Pemberton said: "The movement towards Jackson may be in reality on Big Black Bridge." To Jefferson Davis he said: "The enemy is moving in heavy force towards Edwards Depot."

Now the strategical situation was this While Grant was rapidly approaching Jackson on the evening of the 13th, Johnston at Jackson, ignorant of Grant's plans or his approach, sent off a dispatch, in triplicate, to Pemberton at Edwards Station, saying: "I have lately arrived and learn that Maj.-Gen. Sherman is between us with four divisions at Clinton. It is important to establish communication that you may be reinforced. If practicable come up in his rear at once. To beat such a detachment would be of immense value. The troops here can co-operate. All the troops you can quickly assemble should be brought. Time is all important."

One copy of this dispatch fell into Grant's hands on the 14th, and immediately after the battle of Jackson he ordered McPherson with his corps to has-

ten, with all speed, to Bolton, 20 miles west of Jackson; that being the nearest point which Johnston's promised reinforcements could reach on the Vicksburg Railroad any of Pemberton's detachments. Gen. Grant remained at Jackson over night with Sherman. The latter was to remain on the 15th and complete the work of destroying the railroad and Confederate works and property. Grant occupied the same room which Gen. Johnston had occupied the previous night.

Immediately upon ordering McPherson to move west to Bolton, Grant dispatched couriers with information to McClernand of the capture of Jackson, saying: "It is evidently the design of the enemy to get north of us and cross the Big Black, and beat us into Vicksburg. We must not allow him to do this. Turn all your forces toward Bolton Station, and make all dispatch in getting there. Move troops by the most direct road from wherever they may be on the receipt of this order."

By this time Gen. Blair had approached with his division, conveying a train of 200 wagons loaded with rations, the only commissary supplies that reached Grant's army during the campaign. To him the General wrote:

"The design of the enemy is evidently to cross the Big Black and pass down the peninsula between the Big Black and Yazoo Rivers. We must beat them. Turn your troops immediately to Bolton; take all the trains with you."

Leaving Sherman to finish his work of destruction at Jackson, Grant hastened west to rejoin and concentrate the two corps of McPherson and McClernand, and thrust his army a second time between the armies of Johnston and Pemberton.

While Grant was making these swift movements Gen. Johnston, having been driven from Jackson, again wrote Pemberton, saying:

"As soon as the reinforcements are all up, they must be united to the rest of the army. I am anxious to see a force assembled that may be able to inflict a heavy blow upon the enemy. Can Grant supply himself from the Mississippi? Can you not cut him off from it, and above all, should he be compelled to fall

back for the want of supplies, beat him."

Evidently Gen. Johnston had not at that time quite taken Grant's measure; did not understand the man who was now moving the chess-men. He expected Grant to do some waiting. He might "exhaust his supplies;" he might wait, accommodatingly until Johnston's "reinforcements were all up," and a "force assembled that would be able to inflict a heavy blow upon the enemy." But Grant did not wait. He was moving from one point to another with eagle-like swiftness, giving fatal blows to right and to left.

In answer to Johnston's foregoing dispatch, Pemberton wrote him: "I shall move as early to-morrow morning as practicable with a column of 17,000 men to Dillon's, situated seven miles below Raymond on the road from Raymond to Port Gibson, and nine miles from Edwards Station. The object is to cut enemy's communications and to force him to attack me, as I do not consider my force sufficient to justify an attack on the enemy in position, or to attempt to cut my way to Jackson. I wish very much to join reinforcements. Can they not reach me through Raymond?"

To this Johnston replied on the 15th: "Our being compelled to evacuate Jackson renders your plans impracticable. Therefore, move in the direction of Clinton and communicate with me, that I may unite with you. I fear the enemy will fortify if time is left him."

This reached Pemberton on the march at 6:30 a. m., 16th, and Pemberton promptly answered, saying: "Your letter found this army on the Middle road to Raymond. The order of counter-march has been issued."

While Pemberton was thus on the move, first marching directly towards McClermand's corps, then counter-marching under Johnston's orders towards Clinton, directly towards McPherson, who was rapidly approaching. Grant struck him before he had time to reach Clinton, Edwards Depot or other protection. Here now, without reinforcements, or parley, he must give fair fight in the open, away from his defenses. As soon as the advanced brigades struck Pemberton's army, Grant rode rapidly

to the front, announcing as he passed: "To-day we fight the battle for Vicksburg." He ordered the roads cleared of all trains, and left open for the rapid movement of troops, artillery and ammunition wagons. The division under Gen. Hovey was heavily engaged in skirmishing when Grant arrived.

In reconnoitering he found Pemberton occupying the most formidable natural position in that region of country. It is one of the highest ridges in the section, called Champion's Hill, and commanded all the ground within range. The side toward which Grant's army approached was precipitous, with deep ravines full of timber and very thick undergrowth. A road ran along the enemy's line on the top of this ridge for a mile or more, making it favorable for the expeditious movements of their troops to all points. McPherson was the only corps commander present. Sherman had been hurried on from Jackson the day before (15th), but had not arrived. McClermand, who was with his rear divisions moving from Raymond, was slow in arriving, held back by some small force of the enemy, as Grant thought, unnecessarily. Crocker's division came to the support of Hovey in the hottest of the fight. Logan moved his division to the right and swung around on the enemy's rear. Gen. Grant directed the battle in person, having his headquarters most of the time near Gen. Hovey, in front of whose division was the severest fighting. Toward the close of the battle, Hovey being hard pressed, and McClermand not appearing, Grant ordered a portion of Logan's division withdrawn from the right and moved to the support of Hovey, not knowing that this would leave open the enemy's only line of retreat. The country was strange to Grant and his officers, and they did not know how the roads ran, or the location of the fords on the stream which the enemy would be obliged to cross in retreating. But for their ignorance of the roads and the great opportunity, Logan could have held this road to the enemy's rear.

The reinforcements which Logan sent to aid Hovey charged across ravines, through brush, up the hill, then through an open field, driving the enemy from an important position where he was pre-

paring to establish batteries, capturing seven guns and several hundred prisoners. At this crisis a National battery opened an enfilading fire from the right, and Crocker and Hovey once more pressed up the slope and rolled the brave and stubborn enemy back a third or fourth time, over ground many times lost and won during the day, and thickly strewn with the dead and dying of both armies.

Without any purpose to describe this battle in detail, it will suffice to say that Grant's forces assaulted the heights of Champion's Hill many times. Sometimes his forces would gain the crest, capture battery after battery, to be again driven back by its brave defenders. The crest of the hill was the scene of desperate fighting and awful carnage. The delay in McClernand's arrival and his failure to participate in the actual assaults (except Hovey's division) did not enable Grant to throw exceeding 15,000 to 16,000 men into the actual combat, while Pemberton had as many, in a most advantageous position. It is true that McClernand had nearly 10,000 additional men near, approaching and who should have been in battle had he obeyed Grant's orders and acted promptly, but these would have been in position to engage the enemy had the latter maintained their position a little longer. Sherman's corps was also approaching, at Bolton Station five miles distant. This additional force under McClernand might have been in close line of battle before the attack by a few hours' delay. But Grant was confident, and knew that McClernand could, and ought to reach the battlefield soon, and he determined to hold the enemy from retreating by attacking him at once in the morning, and giving him no opportunity of escaping to his entrenchments.

The battle raged with a desperate fury not exceeded in any other battle of the war, beginning at seven to eight in the morning, and ending about four p. m., in the final storming of the heights by Grant's army, and the total rout of his adversary, who retreated, greatly disorganized, not stopping until they reached Black River Bridge, fifteen miles distant.

Had McClernand, who was not more than three to five miles from the battlefield when it began in the morning, and

in a most advantageous position of approach and attack, promptly moved his other divisions to the positions indicated by Grant, Logan could have kept his position in the enemy's rear, and with all retreat cut off the enemy would probably have been forced to surrender on the field *en masse*.

But it is seldom profitable to speculate upon what "might have been." Better be content with the facts as to what did actually occur.

The pursuit of Pemberton was vigorous, and continued until late in the night.

The general result of this brilliant operation was: Grant lost 426 killed, 1842 wounded and 189 missing. The Confederate loss was about 3000 killed and wounded in battle and pursuit, and about 3000 prisoners, thirty cannon and nearly all their trains and material of war. In the pursuit, Gen. Loring's division was cut off, and by abandoning all his guns and other *impedimenta*, moving on paths and byways in a disorganized way without ammunition or food, a large portion of them finally escaped capture, and such as did not straggle and desert for good, joined Gen. Johnston, who being now hopelessly isolated from Pemberton, returned to Jackson. But Loring's division, perhaps fortunately for it, never again reached Pemberton. This division numbered about 4000, thus making the loss to Pemberton's army about 10,000 men, thirty cannon and substantially all his material, in this, his first encounter with Gen. Grant.

If this was discouraging to Pemberton, much more so must have been Gen. Johnston's experience a few days before, when in the two battles on the 12th at Raymond, and on the 14th at Jackson, Grant defeated him with the loss of more than twenty cannon, many prisoners and many millions in value of material of war, and routed him from the State capital!

On the battlefield Gen. Grant was always the most unperturbed of men. He never exhibited the slightest excitement beyond that of a mere dress parade. On this field he was everywhere along the lines, nearly all the time under fire of the enemy, never manifesting the slightest concern for his safety, and totally unconscious of danger, when minnie

balls, shells, grape and canister were whistling thickly about him. Here when he saw Hovey's division suffering severely, and greatly needing help, while he was sending message after message to hasten McClernand, he did not grow impatient or lose his temper. He was anxious and urgent; but his dispatches and orders written on the field, under fire, are so calm and business-like that one would not, if he did not know, suppose them to have been written under any stress or under any exciting circumstances. His little son, Fred, was with him most of the time. When not with the General, he was with McPherson, Logan, Hovey or with the staff, dashing about with orders, or wherever the battle attractions were greatest.

As soon as Pemberton retreated and the pursuit began, Grant, leaving Hovey in charge of the wounded, and of the battlefield, pushed on with McPherson after the fugitives.

"I pushed," he says, "through the advancing column with my staff and kept in advance until after night. Finding ourselves alone we stopped and took possession of a vacant house. As no troops came up we moved back a mile or more until we met the head of the column just going into bivouac on the road. We had no tents, so we occupied the porch of a house which had been taken for a rebel hospital and which was filled with wounded and dying.

"While a battle is raging one can see the enemy mowed down by the thousand, or the ten thousand, with composure, but after the battle these scenes are distressing and one is naturally disposed to do as much to alleviate the suffering of an enemy as of a friend."

INCIDENTS.

There are always too many distressing and pathetic incidents occurring in every great battle to be related in history, but one I will note. After the close of the battle, Dana, Rawlins and other officers were riding over the battlefield and stopped to look at the dead and wounded. "As they did so," says Dana, "suddenly a Confederate soldier lifted himself on his elbow and said: 'For God's sake, gentlemen, is there a Mason among you?' 'Yes,' said Rawlins, 'I am a Mason.' He

got off his horse and kneeled by the dying man, who gave him some letters out of his pocket. When he came back Rawlins had tears on his cheek. The man, he told us, wanted him to convey some souvenir, a miniature or a ring—I do not remember what—to his wife who was in Alabama. Rawlins took the package and sometime afterwards succeeded in sending it to the woman."

Pemberton's forces had maintained their battle until they were badly shattered and demoralized, then the rout became complete. A few extracts from Pemberton's report will show this.

He says: "A part of Stevenson's division broke badly and fell back in great disorder."

"Large numbers were abandoning the field on Stevenson's left, deserting their comrades."

"A large number of men had shamefully abandoned their commands and were making their way to the rear," etc.

Before the pursuing forces halted, the night had advanced.

The men were weary, but uncomplaining. They saw that quick marching meant less fighting. "Better weary our legs in marching than lose them altogether in battle," they said, in reconciling themselves to the swift movements they were making.

Gens. Carr and Osterhaus reached Edwards Depot, where they rested. Blair, after capturing 300 prisoners, camped three miles southeast of Edwards. Logan pushed on after the enemy to within three miles of Black River Bridge, ready for more desperate work on the morrow.

It was only the swift maneuvering of Grant and his splendid combinations that prevented the junction of the Confederate armies. Instead of uniting, Grant had now scattered and divided them into three parts, Pemberton, Johnston and Loring, each moving away in opposite directions. Pemberton was hastening to join Johnston when Grant's army came up and attacked him. Pemberton was writing a message to Johnston when the opening shots of the battle were fired. He had written: "I am thus particular as to the route I am taking that you may be able to make a junction with this army;" and then he added a postscript:

"Heavy skirmishing now going on in my front."

That night he announced to Johnston that he had been "compelled to fall back with heavy loss."

Gen. Johnston was puzzled at the situation, for before he heard of the disaster to Pemberton at Champion's Hill, he answered the latter, saying: "It is a matter of great anxiety to me to add this little force to your army, but the enemy being exactly between us, and consultation by correspondence so slow, it is difficult to arrange a meeting."

Alas, for Johnston, this expectation was now hopelessly shattered.

It is not to be understood that when Grant and his staff rested late in the evening on the porch of the house used as a Confederate hospital, that he was free from further duties of that stirring battle-day. By the light of candles he wrote and dictated dispatches to all his generals directing the movements and combinations for the early morning. These were hastened off by orderlies and staff officers with utmost dispatch, and it was indeed very late before the tired General could resign himself to such repose as could be had within sound of the suffering and the dying. Long before the General ceased work and the rattling spurs and clanking sabers of departing

couriers were hushed, his son Fred was stretched out on the porch sleeping soundly among tired and wearied men of the headquarters.

A staff officer was sent to meet Gen. Sherman at Bolton Station, to inform him of Pemberton's retreat, and turning his column on the north Vicksburg road which crossed Black River at Bridgeport, several miles northeast of Black River Bridge; the latter a fortified position which Grant meant to attack next day.

Gen. Blair, whose division belonged to Sherman's corps, was directed to move early with the pontoon train to join Sherman at Bridgeport, so that, if the fortifications at Black River Bridge were found too strong to be carried by assault, Sherman, by crossing at Bridgeport, could move rapidly down on the north and west side of Big Black, and attack Pemberton in flank and rear.

Blair and Sherman met at Bridgeport, and speedily captured the force there entrenched, and the pontoon bridge was soon in process of being laid. Grant had said to Sherman: "I will endeavor to hold the enemy where he is, to give you time to cross the river. The moment the enemy begins to give way, I will endeavor to follow him so closely that he will not be able to destroy the bridge."

TWENTIETH CENTURY JOURNALISM.

By JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

I.

I ONCE asked an old journalist the question, "How does journalism look to you now, after all these years?"

The veteran grins and said: "My boy, it long since ceased to be with me a question of like or dislike. I can't earn my living any other way."

The remark explained to me the secret of my friend's failure to fulfill the promise of his youth. The man has missed his calling who takes no more interest in his work than that. On the contrary, the man who all through middle life brings to his daily task some measure of the enthusiasm of youth has surely not missed his calling, even though he may have failed to win wealth or fame.

Many stoutly maintain that every man has his place to fill, and, failing to find that place, his whole after life is necessarily a failure. The theory is illustrated by the stones of an arch, each stone having the position assigned to it by the architect, and each essential to the completeness of the builder's work. The illustration is gratifying to one's vanity, but it is in no sense true to life. Men in our social system are more like the stones with which a mason builds a wall.

A stone fits the demand of the moment and is utilized; but no one stone is essential to the builder's purpose. But this last simile is in one respect as faulty as the first. It excludes the idea of growth. Let us go to the field for a figure better suited to the subject. Grain will grow

almost everywhere. But the farmer finds that the volume and the quality of his crop in large measure depends upon the seed, the choice of soil, and the treatment seed and soil receive at his hands. The germs of usefulness will unfold almost anywhere and under widely varying circumstances. The problem is to select the most favorable conditions for development.

The qualities and attainments which count for most in journalism are also valuable to the mechanic, the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, the preacher. Fitness for any one calling is, in general terms, fitness for any other calling. No talent, no attainment, no chain of experience, no line of reading or study is without its practical value.

There is latterly a revival of interest in the question of schools of journalism and courses in colleges designed to fit students for journalistic work. Cornell University tried the experiment of such a course, but finally abandoned it. The type-setting feature was a good thing for indigent students of robust health who could endure the double strain of study and work at the compositor's case. But type-setting is not journalism. It was found by the experience of students and the observation of professors that the candidate for journalistic honors needs to know what every other broad-gauge student wants to know. Here I am reminded of the retort of a brilliant and well-read lawyer in the lake country of once Speaker of the lower house in the New York Legislature. A brother lawyer happened along where Jerry sat upon a dry goods box, waiting for his driver to take him home after a day in court.

"What you reading now?" asked Mr. Mead.

"Darwin's 'Origin of the Species,'" answered Jerry, without looking up from his book.

"See here, Jerry, I want you to answer me one question. How do you manage to get time to read every new book that's out? It takes all my time to thoroughly review my law books, and study the decisions and read my law journals down to date."

Jerry laid down his book and turned on his questioner. His Irish was up. "Mead," said he, "that's probably your

best course; but *my* theory is that whatever adds to a lawyer's general stock of thought and suggestion and permanently enriches his mind makes him more formidable as a lawyer. By the way, Mead, what's the use of your appealing that case I beat you in to-day? You know you won't stand a ghost of a show in a court where argument counts."

So, and even more so, with journalism. Courses especially valuable to those who would try their hand at journalism are good and should be encouraged. But, if broad-gauge students of law and of medicine and of theology are up to their opportunities, they'll want the course in journalism, too, and the broad-gauge journalist will reach out after the best things in the other courses.

There is no distinctive School of Journalism. The journalistic field is the world, and the curriculum of study for that field is wide as the world. Study as long and hard as we may, our attainments will be marked by incompleteness. But upon every called worker in the world is put a burden willingly, yes gladly, borne; the burden of rounding out his individual capabilities to the fullest measure of attainment.

II.

A few plain words to those who are "considering a call" to journalism. Few there are who receive a direct and imperative call to any high vocation. If a young man has thought seriously and long of newspaper work, and tried to measure his capabilities by the requirements of the work, that circumstance is of itself as much of a call as he is likely to receive. It is a suggestion of possibilities to which he should give heed. But he should avoid the unwisdom of prematurely falling desperately in love with journalism to the exclusion of a thorough self-examination and comparative study of the conditions of successful work in the various other vocations. Using the word "call" as simply a synonym for serious suggestion of possibilities along a given line of activities, let us ransack the journalist's mental storehouse, and estimate the value of some of the possessions we should find there.

First, let us consider the negative side of the question.

A love for literature is not a call to journalism; and yet no good journalist is devoid of fondness for the best thoughts and choicest utterances of the world's great thinkers and "preachers of essential truth."

Interest in politics is not of itself a call to journalism; and yet the young man who takes no interest in politics and is not moved to study and discuss questions of public policy and political duty, and in political campaigns feels nothing of the soldier's enthusiasm for his side, is certainly not called to journalism.

Interest in men, "the human interest," is not of itself a call to journalism; and yet the young man who has only a passing interest in men, whose keenest interest is in the study of nature's secrets as revealed in the anxious silences of the laboratory, the awe-inspiring testimony of the rocks, the startling disclosures of the microscope, or the marvels of invention; in brief, the young man who is more interested in things than in men has serious reason to doubt his call to journalism.

"The judicial mind" is not of itself a call. Partisanship has its uses, and has of late been much abused by some who mistake mere agile fence-balancing for independence; but the young man who finds he cannot with cool head keep his partisanship within the bounds of reason, who cannot with far-extending vision see beyond the issue of the hour, or who cannot keep the "righteous indignation" of the aroused partisan within the bounds of justice—such a one certainly has not been very loudly called to journalistic work.

Independence is essential to success in any calling, and in none more than in journalism; but when individual independence ignores the greatest of all facts in social economy, mutual interdependence, it destroys one's usefulness. The man who mistakes mental dyspepsia for righteous indignation, whose egoism precludes all coöperation with parties and with reform movements, whose exercise of giant power is marked by pigmy willfulness—such a man should look elsewhere, certainly not to journalism, for a successful career.

III.

A few words now on some of the positive qualifications of the Twentieth Century journalist—qualifications sadly lacking in many of us older writers for the press, who are of use chiefly as "fill-ups" in a period of transition from Nineteenth Century grind to Twentieth Century journalism. Among the foremost of these qualifications, positively stated, may be mentioned the following:

1. A general knowledge of history—history of the world "from the earliest period to the present time," a thorough knowledge of the history of our own time, of our own country, state, county, community.

2. A grasp of the underlying principles of social economy sufficiently strong to enable one, in the silent watches of the night as in the day-time, to calmly take his bearings in the midst of the most tempestuous sea of discussion.

3. An intelligent judgment as to the character and purposes of men who are at the front of the world's affairs. There is much of suggestion to the journalist in the trite but only partially true saying, "The history of the world is the biography of great men."

4. Encyclopedic knowledge. The would-be journalist must brave the dangers of "a little learning," and strive to know at least a little of many things. He must learn where to find what he wants and have sufficient mental discipline to know how to appropriate and utilize his find.

5. Thorough acquaintance and full sympathy with the individual and aggregate wants and purposes, needs and requirements, failings and shortcomings, peculiarities and "previous condition of servitude" of the people with whom he has cast his lot.

6. A keen sense of what is news and what is legitimate and useful comment thereon. The first of these qualifications constitutes the good reporter; the second, with the first, is a prime essential of the successful editor.

7. Inherent honesty of purpose and careful accuracy of statement. No true journalist ever feels compelled to emulate the example of the Chinese shopkeepers who write upon their lintels, "No

cheating here." The true journalist may wander in devious ways and sometimes lose his bearings, but he never so completely parts company with self-respect and regard for the good opinion of others as to be crooked in thought or purpose. The bulwark of journalism is honesty of thought and purpose.

8. Imagination—the power that compels and holds the reader's attention.

9. True independence of thought and action, coupled with an earnest, even religious, appreciation of the basic fact of sociology—our interdependence one upon another.

IV.

This last is a topic too important to be summarily dismissed.

We have happened in upon an era of excessive independence. Men—and women, too—are reaching out after all that belongs to them, and on all doubtful points are liberally giving themselves the benefit of the doubt.

In an era marked by all sorts of strikes for rights—an era in which even the school principal, or the college president, is liable at any time to have read to him some new declaration of independence—it is not strange that we are hearing so much concerning "the emancipation of the party press."

Every prospective newspaper man has felt the invigoration of this movement for a freer air and a larger breathing place. All feel a common desire and purpose to go as far as possible toward the farthest limit of individual independence consistent with public duty. But, the true journalist will naturally aim to avoid, as far as he may without compromise of duty or principle, all courses which lead to the crippling of his strength and the failure of his cherished plans and purposes. Seeking to widen as far as possible the circle of his influence, which is the measure of his opportunities for usefulness, the practical question for him is: How far may I wisely go in the direction of absolute independence? Shall the ego of the journalist be a law unto itself, absolute, beyond appeal, unaffected by a multitude of counselors; or shall it acknowledge, as does the ego of the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the statesman, the soldier,

that in our social economy there is an infinitely more important fact and factor than the independence of the individual, and that is *the interdependence of all?*

We naturally sympathize with the Fourth of July spirit, which has had free course and been glorified in the independent press. We sympathize with the constitutional objection of Miss Wade in "Little Dorrit." "The peculiarity of my temper is, ma'am," says she, "that I won't be swallowed up alive." We smile at the servile freedman in the old English play who was given to saying, "I'm a free man—I pays taxes." We despise the man—called a man by courtesy only—who, when his irate wife ordered him out of his place of refuge under the bed, responded, "Never, while I have the spirit of a man!" We all want just as much of the genuine article—true Fourth of July independence—as is wholesome for us and our public. But the fifth of July will come, and along with it recurs the inevitable pressure of our complicated social and business life, with the interchange of fraternal and commercial duties and responsibilities and the healthful outgoings of sympathies stronger than obligations.

It is a wise man who has sense enough, and a brave man who has courage enough, to act up to his fifth of July resolutions.

Said Mr. Cobwigger to Mr. Merritt, "What did you do when you came to that part of your dream where your hopes seemed about to be realized?"

Mr. Merritt heaved a sigh and answered, "Woke up." So with our alluring dreams of the complete emancipation of the party press. Those who seek to carry them into operation wake up to find society adjusted to correlation, interdependence, reciprocity—not individualism and consequent isolation.

Loyally to any organization is a mental and moral association with that body in the spirit which created and sustained it and an enthusiastic, or at least reliable, allegiance thereto for the accomplishment of desired ends deemed most easily attainable through such organization. The loyal churchman, for example, may feel that his church is not what it should be in the quality of its membership or in the trend of its influence; but, rather

than weaken it still further by withdrawing from it, he remains a member, well knowing* that as such he will count for more as a worker for the best things than he possibly could were he to adopt a policy of isolation.

The term "shackles" is misapplied when applied to the willingly worn bonds of long personal or journalistic association with a political party.

The editor can change his politics as often as the ladies change the shape of their hats or the cut of their sleeves—he can, *but he doesn't*.

Why doesn't he? Because he is under the spell of some party leader in his district, county or town? No; the man whose political convictions are strong enough to incline him to take the editorship of a political paper, and whose political faith is sufficiently fortified and firm to enable him to fill his trying position from week to week and from year to year, is one whose party membership means something more than a casual happening in—to see who's there, or to warm oneself by the party camp-fire, or to incite a disturbance in camp!

It is a grand thing to be a moral entity in God's marvelous soul universe; but it is immeasurably sublimer to live in this resultful age of associated thought and purpose, "an age on ages telling," and feel that, disregarding all non-essential differences, we are at one with thousands and millions of our fellow citizens, bound together by ties of our own choosing and held together by common principles, purposes and hopes.

What is a "politician?" Primarily "one who is versed in the science of government and the art of governing;" secondarily, "one who is skilled in and occupies himself with politics, devoting himself to public affairs, or to the interests of a political party." These definitions include every editor who takes part in politics. In the best sense of the term, who in your community, who in your commonwealth, is a politician if the editor himself is not? Using the term the moment in the most offensive sense in which can be used, in the circle of your acquaintance is there an editor of any standing who is the slave of those that by "low arts and petty management" busy themselves with partisanship? Are

not the local politicians, far from trying to enslave or "boss" the country or city editor, the most eager to do him a service and so place his memory under obligations? Has his state committee an undue hold upon him? No; the enslavement of the party press now exists only in the heated imagination of the reveller in independence, and the "party boss" as an obstacle to the journalist's success in working within party lines is a "man of straw," set up for the satisfaction the unreasoning independence finds in knocking him over.

All along the line may be seen signs of preparation for Twentieth Century journalism. The journalists of this transition period are working out their own emancipation, not from party bossism, for independence within party lines has already come to be the rule, but from counting-room suggestions of a temporizing nature prompting the utterance of words which are best withheld, and the withholding of words that need to be uttered. Party association, far from checking generous impulses or restraining noble aims and purposes, brings the journalist in constant touch with sets of principles which, whether wisely or unwisely framed in words, are invariably presented as the embodiment of the party's hope to win votes on their merits; and thus party association, in a measure, inculcates the spirit embodied in that significant phrase, *noblesse oblige*.

"Every word is undoubtedly stronger," says Emerson, "when there is a man behind it." True—but our words are immeasurably stronger when they have behind them a great organization planning and working for a common purpose.

"There are few spectacles more pitiful," says Hamilton W. Mabie, in "My Study Fire," "than these strange illusions by which men mistake their littleness for greatness, and the narrow tendencies of their own thoughts and feelings for the uttermost bounds and sheer edge of the universe. To be in prison and not be conscious of bondage is surely a tragic idea of freedom." And again, "Nothing reveals a man's character more fully than the spirit with which he bears his limitations."

This extreme of self-assertion and disregard of association, this exaltation of

the ego over the wisdom of the multitude of counselors, ill becomes a journalist and robs great popular movements of the combined support, and the combined opposition as well, to which their importance entitles them.

The self-centered and self-banished independent in journalism, though he may be normal at the outset of his career, soon becomes a confirmed egotist, losing all sense of his own relativity. He may be compared to a certain abnormally self-centered religious poet of the Seventeenth Century who caused to be engraved and placed in his study, where he could rest his eyes upon it at all hours of the day and night, a statue of himself kneeling before a crucifix, with a scroll extending from his mouth upon which was graven the question: "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" From the mouth of the figure on the crucifix proceeded another scroll, upon which was engraven the Master's alleged response. It read: "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, poet laureate of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenburg—yes, I *do* love thee!"

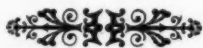
The political journalist who is content to simply affect and patronize politics, and who, as Greeley once disdainfully remarked, "sidles dexterously between somewhere and nowhere, scorning association, rejecting and despising parties that dare to move toward ends of his desiring by other ways and means than he in his wisdom has recommended," may have his mission in our political system—let us trust that he has. But in an era such as ours, when social forces, like the network of message-carrying wires in our cities, are becoming so complicated that we hardly dare confront the question of how far we are responsible for the trend of organized thought within

the range of our influence—in such an era the true Journalist find his fitting working place and best inspirations along and within the lines of party organizations.

This degree of partisanship, this subordination of individual notions, prejudices, crankinesses and fads—to the general trend of a party whose history, associations, hopes, purposes and tendencies commend themselves to us, is wholly consistent with all the latitude of individual thought, suggestion and protest which are wholesome to the individual or beneficial to the State.

There is nothing in the identification of a newspaper with one of the great parties of the country which should stop the utterance of a single stricture upon dishonesty in high places, or a single demand for measures needed. In fact, one of the important duties of a journalist within party lines is to tone and strengthen the party to which he gives allegiance. The editor of a party paper, while wisely yielding his individual judgment on non-essentials—which judgment is quite likely to be at fault, should at all times be able to exclaim with Junius: "What public question have I declined? What villain have I spared?"

In moulding the political journalism of our country's future, the journalists of the Twentieth Century will take as their ideal, not the hermit scolding the winds because men from whom he has withdrawn fellowship refuse to receive his utterances as prophetic; but, rather, the sentinel upon the housetop, one in sympathy with those whose interests he guards; his warning cry and his "All's well" alike prompted by the spirit of fraternity and the consciousness of interdependence, which in our increasingly complicated social state is society's strongest safeguard.



THE HON. BUCKRAM BONE.

By HARRY HANCOCK.

THE town was beginning to feel the impulse of the new order of things.

The morning after the inauguration of the new electric plant, the early passers by noticed that the old familiar kerosene street lamp, on its wooden post in front of the church, hung its head as if ashamed of its humbleness in the presence of its modern and brilliant electric neighbor.

That old lamp had seen the laughing boy and girl trip through the portals of that church; as lovers, had lighted them home with its friendly smile; had seen them emerge from its portals, pursued by the shoe and the rice kernel, and gave them a nod and blessing; had caught a glimpse of their first born at the baptismal font and saw it carried to the greenwood hill. Ah me! it was an old friend, beloved by all for its nightly smiles and daylight beams. But now, like Othello, "its occupation was gone"; it hung its head in shame. It had grown old in faithful service, and was cast aside for the brilliantly new. The irony of progress reached up its hand and snuffed out its existence.

For a Western town, it was quite literary, and with the advent of water works and electric light, came the public library. While its volumes were few, they were choice and selected for a purpose.

Among the histories there was catalogued "The History of Henry Esmond" and to that portion devoted to the black art and necromancy was catalogued "Old Mam'selle's Secret", and to biography "The Life of John Halifax, Gentleman."

It was essentially a literary town.

This library was the offspring and especial pride of the "Literary Club" composed of the intelligent and progressive ladies of the town.

The literary reputation of the club must have reached far eastward beyond the turbid and muddy confines of the Mississippi and the Calumet; for one day its quiet literary annals were violently agitated by the presence of the great literati, Julian Ralph himself. All had heard of him;

few if any had seen him, but like Caesar, he came, he saw, he conquered.

Receptions honored him, and pet poodles were named after him. His famous articles in "Harpers" were dug up by the club and profitable literary seances held, while the Town Council honored itself by naming a new avenue after him.

Literature and belles-lettres ran riot in a saturnalia of intellectual feasts. But all things have their limitations. The real Julian was discovered in the effete East, in the bosom of his family, and this western pinchbeck hero shook the dust of the town, a few shekels better off, his admirers more wise in literary experience.

The poodle dog died.

The avenue is now clogged with the dog-fennel and rag weed.

But these are in part reminiscences.

* * * * *

"Well, Madam, what do you and the Club think of this?" and Buckram read from the local paper the following item:

"At the Woman's Suffrage meeting at the Court House on Tuesday evening, the speaker, Hannah K. Haw, abused her former associate, Phoebe Cousins, like a pickpocket; called her a liar, and in a general way villified and maligned her work."

"Truly a harmonious and auspicious campaign initiatory. It augurs future victories," said he, with a sardonic grin.

The Hon. Buckram Bone, called "Buck Bone", for short, by his familiar friends, was by birth and education an eastern product. Transplanted at an early day to this western town, he soon acquired the habits of energetic push and "get there" so characteristic of that section. He grew and thrived with his town. His natural tendency was to the practical in life. He believed that "push opens the door to success," and as it was a good thing, he kept pushing it along. He looked at and dealt with the world as it was, and not as it ought to be; and while he had many of the finer sensibilities, and loved refined

letters for its own sake, he appreciated the fact that the name "Buck Bone" and the refinement and culture of letters did not fit well together. It suited law and politics better. Politically it proved to be a source of strength and popularity. And politically he grew, though he was never made a Sunday school superintendent, or used a secret society pin for political preferment.

The "boys" all knew "Buck", and so liked to call him; and he on his part never used the term "Mr." He made it his boast to always use their "front names". The class that controlled caucuses liked it; and "Buck" rapidly arose in the political ranks, from City Attorney to the State Legislature.

He was self-made, but unlike most of that class, he had the good sense not to "worship his maker", or to feel any particular pride of ancestry.

He one day remarked to a friend, that did he possess such a weakness, he knew of no better coat of arms to perpetuate the family name, than the cross-bones on a background of buckram, surmounted by a billy-goat rampant.

While the "Four Hundred" of the effete East might question the propriety of the West sitting on its front porch, it was the habit of Buckram, in open defiance of this refined social conventionality, not only to sit there in his shirt sleeves, but it was whispered that upon one occasion he was observed to be bathing his feet there. At the same time he wore a diamond stud that would make any member of the "Four Hundred" turn green with envy.

Buckram continued, "Again, my dear, don't you think this club of yours spends too much money in club monograms and highly scented programmes that teem with too great possibilities and too little time, in—ahem—say, their development?"

"Buckram don't be cynical. I know you have no sympathy with this new movement for the enlargement of woman's sphere and usefulness. It takes time to break away from the habits of ages. Rome wasn't—"

"Yes, my dear, I know; but Rome is dead, and has been for ages. You women should profit by that fact."

"But how profit? We look to you men,

of superior experience and brain, for encouragement, and you throw a wet blanket at us. I am willing to admit that the hill must fill up the valley, but recollect, there can be no hill without a valley."

The Hon. Buckram winced at this thrust, but braced himself, threw one leg over the other, upsetting the cuspidor, and replied:

"Well, Madam, instead of your Club howling about woman suffrage, a most doubtful possibility, and fighting like Kilkenney cats among yourselves, why don't you strike at abuses to your sex, under your very noses, and peculiarly within the province of such a club as you represent? Instead of wasting your energies and substance on monograms and programmes, start a movement to separate the sexes at the county farm; a most deplorable condition. Agitate the subject of better ventilation in our public school house. Start a movement in dress reform. The corset is responsible for more ailments than the "Grippe." These are live issues; make them kick—in fact, make Rome howl in a practical way; and then, when you have shown works meet for advancement the rest may come along in good time."

And again he stirred up the cuspidor and buried his face in his paper.

A soft hand pushed the paper aside and a gentle voice said, "Buckram, you know you will vote for this measure. The club look to me to see that you do. In the election they gave you moral aid on my account and they expect it. Now don't disappoint them."

Buckram gave a good natured yawn, ran his hand through his short crisp hair, gave a "Humph," and replied: "Well, dear. I shan't promise; but when you women 'get the spindle and distaff ready God will send thee flax,' and you must work it into raiment. I'll think about it."

Buckram never jumped at conclusions but once, and that was a day or so after he was married. He wished to stock up for housekeeping. Some friend suggested, among other things, that nutmegs were an indispensable requisite. So Buck thought, and gave his order accordingly to the grocer, who asked how many he should send over. Buck not wishing to appear a novice or niggardly on such

an occasion, immediately replied: "Oh, about ten pounds."

He got the nutmegs, though the grocer ransacked every store in town to obtain the desired quantity.

No; Buckram never jumps at conclusions; he still has nutmegs for sale.

* * * * *

"The meeting will be quiet—I mean—will come to order."

The club was in session.

Mrs. Bone, a demure, conscientious little body, was the presiding genius; and, as many important questions were to arise and be passed upon, she naturally felt agitated, and hot waves chased each other over her person.

They were all there. Interest in the suffrage movement was intense. Besides the ordinary club routine, they were to elect delegates to the "State Federation" convention that was to assemble at the State capital at the same time the State Legislature convened.

There were the "Kings Daughters" and "Daughters of the Revolution," sedate matrons; the High School graduate, and some with "print" dresses purchased with the money obtained from the sale of poultry and eggs.

There was a slight rustle of expectancy and then a calm as the presiding officer made the announcement.

Mrs. Oldfather arose. Notwithstanding her name, she was young, pretty and maternal. "I move that the new dictionary be accepted."

The Chair: "I can see no necessity for such a motion. We've got it already, and paid for it; and if we've paid for it, we must have accepted it. This club is beyond indulging in the petty technicalities of the men. I shall hold the motion out of order;" and down came the gavel and the "Chair" reclined back in a setting of rosy hues.

Miss Jensing, the romantic genius of the club, after smoothing out her ample skirts, rose and walked nearly to the center of the room. Miss Jensing was coquetting with that condition and period of life called "fair, fat and forty;" a smile of conscious superiority always played at hide and seek upon her countenance. She was much given to sentiment, and had written several impossible stories that

abounded in impossible conversations only seen on paper, but never heard in actual life. Her great virtue was her true Westernism. She believed it destined to be the theatre of the new literary and reform movement of the age, and that one of its great factors was Miss Jensing.

"Ladies"—she did not deign to address the chair—"I do not think such trivial matters as the acceptance or rejection of a dictionary should take up our valuable time. We are here for a great purpose—the furtherance of the movement to give us autonomy. It has already passed one session of the Legislature, and can we succeed in having it pass the present session. I have faith that the intelligence of the honest voters of this State will make it a constitutional measure."

She paused to get breath and see what effect her oratory had on the lukewarm members.

"The West must take the initiative in all these measures. The effete East, in morals and literature, is becoming corrupt and senile. It has lost its freshness and virility and needs—"

The High School girl ventured *sotto voce*, "How about the virility of 'The Christian'?"

"'The Christian' viril? You mean vitriol, Miss. That is not a fit story for you to read. It leaves a bad taste on the tongue. The author of that book is simply a pretender."

She paused a moment, took out her handkerchief and nervously gripping it, continued:

"He abuses and degrades art in its holiest and most artistic aspirations when he subverts it to the brutality of the realistic," and raising her hands upward so that the clinched handkerchief partly shrouded her face, and casting her eyes heavenward exclaimed: "Oh, divine literature! When thou becomest the toy of the pretender, let the muses veil their faces!" and with dignified *mein* sat down.

Miss Jensing had arisen to move the important question of the selection of delegates to the convention, but her favorite theme of literature had sent her off wool gathering; on other topics she was reasonably sane.

The Chair: "I recognize Miss Fairweather."

Miss Fairweather was very tall and

spare; a magazine writer of some note, inclined to be somewhat sophomoric, but always bright and ready, a natural diplomat, and had reached that milestone of life where she believed in nothing; she knew.

"I tentatively agree with the last speaker that we of the West must take the initiative in all these measures. Our environment points that way. Our broad rivers, expansive prairies and great mountains give us a fullness and breadth not found elsewhere. We may, now and then, stumble over a mole hill, but our eyes are fixed on the great mountains beyond. I believe we have a mission to perform, and in furtherance of that object I move that we select five delegates to the coming convention, of which the chair, ex-officio shall be one."

The High School girl, in a stage whisper: "Miss Jensing, I see by your remarks that you are quite philosophically inclined; now, what conclusion of the hereafter do you derive from the reading of 'Thanatopsis'?"

"'Thanatopsis'! I never heard of him; in fact"—with a condescending smile—"I have no time or patience to devote to those outlandish Russian authors; the English speaking are good enough for me."

The gavel fell; the article on Christopher Columbus was postponed; the club was adjourned.

* * * * *

The State Legislature was about to convene. The Hon. Buckram Bone was brought out by his friends for Speaker of the House.

Could he judiciously scatter the chairmanship of committees and committee assignments, and the corporations would hold aloof, his chances were good, so his friends and whippers in reported.

His headquarters at the Avery were well supplied with campaign essentials. The outer room had several boxes of cigars on the mantel; the center table was littered with circulars setting forth Buckram's qualifications for the office; the air was full of smoke.

His friends coming in, would hurry into the inner sanctuary, where Buckram was holding court, receive an order or report on the standing of the Hon. Jabez

Jones of Patmos County, and flit out again.

In front of Buckram, on a circular table, was a well thumbed list of legislative committees, to which he made frequent reference. Some were checked off in red pencil marks and others were underscored with blue marks. On the margin, opposite certain committees, were names, and some of these names had interrogation points. Another list of names at his right was well blotched and blurred. Some were marked "sure," others "doubtful," and still others "see." This list composed the members of the House.

The campaign for Speaker was interesting from the fact that the suffrage amendment was to be submitted, and its success or failure greatly hinged upon the Speaker and the complexion of the committees he appointed.

The delegates of the Federated Clubs, also in session to elect officers and pass resolutions were, for the first time in the history of the State, taking an active part in practical State politics. Their choice for Speaker might have an important bearing on the result. As a consequence they swarmed like bees in the different headquarters.

The door of Buckram's private apartment opened, and Jennings, his staunch backer, slated for chairman of the Railroad Committee, introduced the Hon. Jason Jinkson of Tinkton.

"He is half inclined to support you, Mr Bone, but would like to be on the Ways and Means Committee. He is interested in this woman's movement, and thinks he can be of more service there than elsewhere."

Jinkson was short and stubby, wore spectacles and a flowing Pefferian beard that reached to his middle.

Buckram gave him the glad hand, pressed a cigar upon him, a few confidential words, and bowed him out with the assurance "either the Ways and Means or one as important."

The door closed. Buck broke out with "For God's sake, Jennings, don't overdo this. Have some regard for the eternal fitness of things. That man is no more fit for the Ways and Means than the porter out there."

Jennings smiled, took a fresh cigar and replied: "Buck, we've got to get you

there, and are going to; but why ain't Jinkson all right? He's of good intentions."

"Yes, they say hell is paved with 'em, too, but that doesn't give him brains. Jennings, you never yet, since the time of Julius Caesar, heard of a man of brains who wore his whiskers long and untrimmed; jog your memory and see. I don't believe Jinkson is an exception. He can't go on the Ways and Means if I lose the Speakership. That should have the brains of the House."

The door opened and several young girls stepped in; Jennings stepped out.

"Mr. Bone," spoke up one—a bright looking girl—evidently a school teacher, "I am a candidate for enrolling clerk."

"Well, young lady, you have my sympathy."

"I don't want that; I prefer your vote. Here is my card." She handed Buckram a card on which was written "Miss Mary Mitten, Candidate for Enrolling Clerk of the House;" and in one corner "Over."

Buckram turned the card over and read, "Dedicated to Senator Maxwell, deceased, by Miss Mary Mitten"—and the following lines underneath:

"He fought life's battle bravely,

From death he did not shrink.

His face looked even gravely,

As he stood upon the brink."

Buckram read no more, but remarked in an aside, "that ought to bring it sure," put the doggerel in his pocket to sleep with others and, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked, as he dismissed them, "A very grave subject, ladies. Miss Mitten, you shall have my earnest consideration. You believe that public office should be a literary trust. Perhaps that would work even better than a political trust."

"The Hon. Jake Dawson," announced the doorkeeper.

The young ladies stepped out, and a large portly person, with heavy mustache, slouch hat and a blazing shirt stud, entered and carefully closed the door.

"Mr. Bone, you remember me?"

Buckram sat down on the edge of the bed, gave him a keen look that was full of suspicion, and replied:

"Very well, Mr. Dawson; you were a member of the last House, and now, I hear, a member of the third House. What is your pleasure?"

Dawson quietly appropriated the only chair in the room, took a cigar, slowly lighted it and, placing his feet on the edge of the table, drawled out:

"Mr. Bone, I'm going to talk plain and to the point. Like yourself, I'm a believer in few words. Wasn't it Talleyrand who said words were made to conceal ideas? Now, he was wrong. If he had said they were made to conceal the want of ideas, he'd been nearer right. To avoid any suspicion on that point, I'll be brief. You know I represent the Consolidated Brewers' Association, and we control a number of votes in the House, and they are for you—on one condition."

He paused, flicked the ashes from his cigar, never looked around, but continued to look straight at the wall in front of him.

Buckram half arose from the bed with—"You don't mean to—"

"Nothing of the kind, Mr. Bone," said Dawson, quietly motioning him to be seated. "You're off your base. What you are thinking of and what I am talking about are two different matters. 'I'll be plain. As Speaker of the House you'll have the appointment of the committees and can shape legislation. We're opposed to this woman's suffrage.'"

"Why so?"

"Why so!" said Dawson, and he turned and gave Buckram a blank look of astonishment. "Why so! Well, let it become a law, and women vote, what do you suppose becomes of the interest I represent in this State, Eh? Now, if you'll agree not to support that measure I think we have enough votes to make you Speaker."

Dawson turned, brushed the ashes off his coat sleeve and quietly looked at the wall again.

"Dawson," and Buckram arose and stood over him. "You have one redeeming merit. No one can accuse you of being a professional reformer—the greatest fraud we have to contend with in the Legislature, and if it wasn't for that fact, I'd feel like taking you by the nose and leading you into the lobby. You're refreshing, to say the least."

"But not fresh; anything but that, I hope," said Dawson.

"Now let me talk plain," said Buckram. "You and your ilk do not believe that any good can come out of a political Naza-

rene; that one who believes in practical politics and stands solid with his party is necessarily corrupt and a bad man; and so you approach me, if not with money, at least with a suggestion that is equally as corrupt and reprehensible. I may or may not be in favor of the measure, and confess I have doubts; but you, and the element you represent, are rapidly dispelling those doubts. I have no use for you or the votes you represent. I bid you good afternoon;" and Buckram walked toward the door to usher him out.

Dawson very imperturbably arose, threw the stub of his cigar in the hearth, deliberately selected a fresh one and coolly lighting it, walked to the door paused, blew out a long stream of blue fragrant smoke and said: "Well, Buck. I always knew you had a puritanical streak in your make up, and believed in fossilized religion and pure whisky, but I nver before had evidence that you were a political ass."

He opened the door, and stood—face to face with Mrs. Bone. Respectfully raising his hat to her, he passed into the lobby.

"Buckram, who was that flashily dressed person?"

"That, little one"—as he closed the door—"is a professional lobbyist; he claims to have the power in the hollow of his hand to make me Speaker. But he's against the suffrage movement."

"And you—"

"No, my dear, I am beginning to favor it, as much for the enemies it has made as the love and esteem I bear you, and the true womanhood that advocates it. But by the way, how is it with you and the Federation?"

"Oh, Buckram, I don't know," and she heaved a deep sigh and seated herself beside him on the edge of the bed. "I am beginning to doubt. Have we capacity; are we prepared and strong enough for these things? Most of them look at it as a social event; some as a diversion from household duties, and a very few, with any deep seated responsibility and appreciation of the tremendous force they are invoking."

"But, my dear, didn't I once hear you say something about Rome not being built in a day?"

"Now, don't, Buckram; but it's too true

nevertheless. I'm afraid in trying to fill a wine glass we'll spill a gallon.' Before we came down here I noticed that most of our delegates ordered new and rich reception gowns; and since they have been here have paid very little if any attention to the real question at issue, but have been wearing those gowns to parties, receptions and fashionable calls. It's discouraging. And again, on the question of president, there's Mrs. Deming—brainy, bright, with plenty of experience; and Miss Roe—not much, if any experience, but represents the fashionable and I think not over scrupulous set; and she will get the office."

"What makes you think so?"

"Proxies—the proxies will do it. Some of us must have taken a leaf from your political manual and studied it very carefully. The first day here I met Miss Jennings, and she tried to induce me to support Miss Roe—that all the clubs of our town, represented here, were for her. I told her I knew of only one club represented, and she showed me proxies of four different clubs in our town that no one ever heard of before, and that were simply created for that purpose. I told her it was reprehensible and dishonest. She blandly replied: 'It is politics.' Only think of it! My precious ideals shattered; when I thought this movement would put a moral leaven into the slimy dough of politics as run by you men, and, like all good gifts, it would ennoble both the giver and receiver, and raise them both to a higher plane; and then to have them all dispelled in a moment by 'proxies.' It is too bad!" And her eyes filled with tears.

"Never mind, little one," said Buckram as he put his arm caressingly through his wife's. "I am now more than ever satisfied that Rome wasn't built in a day. Let's go down to dinner."

They walked into the crowded lobby and office.

Buckram had a nod and smile for every one. They all knew him. His path was clogged with friends and candidates. Little tots in knickerbockers, who wanted to be pages; little girls in pinafores, who wanted to be folding clerks; young girls and youths—anxious eyed—for different clerkships; the old soldier, with the bronze button, for doorkeeper; the mem-

ber ambitious for a committee chairmanship, listening for the victorious band wagon, that he might jump in behind; old members—left in the lurch by an unappreciative constituency—after any "old thing;" all swarmed around Buckram.

The hubbub was deafening; the smoke was thick. Buckram made his way slowly through the crowd, a little dazed and bewildered by the effusive greetings of fast friends and political enemies. He as yet did not appreciate the situation. Friends grabbed his hands, others slapped him on the back with—"we've got you there, old boy." Some one jumped on a chair and shouted "Three cheers for Buck Bone, the next Speaker." They were given with a will. "A tiger now," said the same person, and a "tiger" was given.

Buckram did not yet comprehend. He saw Jennings within arm's reach. He pulled him to him, took his arm, and slowly made his way through bowing and smiling friends to the dining hall, and being seated—"Now, Jennings, tell me what this means."

"Means? It means you're the next Speaker. Thompson has withdrawn."

"But how did it all come about—so suddenly?"

"Dawson—he did it. You saw him, eh? Old boy, you're a shrewd one; you've done in a ten minute interview what we have failed to do in a week. When Dawson came out of your room he sought me, took me into his office and said, 'Jennings, I'll be d—d if I'd rather not chance a practical politician who is honest than one full of maudling reforms and wheels. I tried to bluff, but she didn't work. I'll see Thompson and tell him the jig's up. By the way, Jennings, tell Buck that all we

want is to have him treat us fairly.' He left, and in two minutes it was all over but the shouting. He played it well, too. Buck, I should like to know how you did it?"

He never did. Excusing himself to Mr. and Mrs. Bone, he went out of the dining room, leaving them to their own reflection.

Mrs. Bone silently wiped the tears from her eyes; a great lump was in Buckram's throat. He felt a small hand under the tablecloth, clutching his in a warm grip. He gave it a gratified squeeze, and gulped down some coffee. He braced himself and quietly said: "Little one, don't feel sad because your idols are shattered. Do you see that man with the gray mustache? That's Chasson. He introduced a bill last session to prevent the Builders' Association from using the lake shore sands for building purposes. Think of it."

"Was it a good bill, dear?"

"Good for Chasson. They bought him off, and the bill never raised its head. See that man that is just sitting down in the corner there? Well, he's another reformer, and annually introduces a two-cent per mile railroad fare bill. It makes him solid with his constituency, besides paying his board bill here. But the bill sleeps the sleep of the just. Now, my dear, this teaches us that 'there are others,' as the saying goes, and we have been at this business since long before Rome fell, and you have hardly started as yet. Take heart. I think I'll support the measure, though it'll be close."

A few weeks afterwards Mrs. Buckram received the following telegram:

"Have broken the tie—prepare yourself for future legislative honors."

"BUCKRAM."



THE DIVORCE OF SOUTHERN CAPITAL FROM LABOR.

By BEN E. GREEN.

ONE of the commentators on Sallust says that his chief merit consists in "the philosophical method in which he analyzes the motives of parties and lays bare the hidden springs which move the great actors on the public stage, revealing the secret soul by which national movements are animated. It is this which gives him the credit of being the first true Roman historian and makes him so valuable as a guide to succeeding writers."

Only by history thus written can the experience of the past become a beacon for the better guidance of the peoples. Every grown man, be he a plain voter or statesman—every boy soon to become a man and voter—should seek to know and knowing recognize, the truth.

All have accepted and are content with the great result of the war between the States—the abolition of negro slavery. Few, if any, would now consent to its restoration. Passing years have carried us far enough from that period to discuss it in the philosophic method of the true historian and with the calm of mature manhood, free from the petulance of childhood disputing over the right to "play in our yard" or "slide down our cellar door."

In a recent letter to the *New York Press*, ex-Governor Bullock, of Georgia, said that he "desires the continuance of the economic policies of the Republican party," and therefore "desires to see that party continue to control the general government."

The *Press* editor says that he and the ex-Governor "are not far apart." But he would "arrive at that end" by Congressional legislation to enforce the XIV amendment.

Ex-Governor Bullock objects:

1. The Supreme Court might declare such legislation unconstitutional.

2. It would be construed as an effort by Republican authority to Africanize the South; and continue "*the solid Southern (white) alliance with the anarchial elements of the rest of the country.*" He

suggests that "no one can deny the constitutional right of each House of Congress to be the judge of the election and qualifications of its own members;"

and proposes, as a shorter and safer road by which to "arrive at the same end," the adoption by the Senate and House of a new rule, denying representation in Congress to the Southern States, unless they send Republicans whenever the negroes and their white political associates have—(or claim to have?)—a majority of inhabitants in any election district.

To avoid possibility of an appeal to the Supreme Court is a brilliant idea. Doubtless, the proposed new rule, so long as it continued in force, would go far to continue the Republican party in control of the general government, and "Africanize the South" as effectively as by Congressional legislation.

Blood is thicker than water. The whites of the South are too closely bound to the whites of the North and West by ties of friendship, intermarriage and blood, for such a rule to last long. Witness the speedy downfall of the Freedman's Bureau and the Damon and Pythias relations of the Thirty-first Michigan and First Georgia Volunteer Regiments. In this era of peace jubilees such a new rule would not last beyond the first session of another Congress. No Senator or Representative assenting to it could reasonably hope for re-election.

This reference to the solid Southern white "alliance with the anarchial elements of the rest of the county" calls to mind Mr. Jefferson's celebrated aphorism:

"The Democrats of the North are the natural allies of the Republicans of the South;"

and suggests the inquiry: Who were those *then* called by Mr. Jefferson "the Democrats of the North?" Whom did he *then* call "the Republicans of the South?" Who are those *now* called by the *New York Press* and ex-Governor Bullock "the anarchial elements?" Who are those *now* called by Prof. J. Laurence

Laughlin, Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, "the socialistic elements?"

At the last G. A. R. reunion in Cincinnati, Commander Gobin was reported as saying:

"We have never recognized the proposition that the war of the rebellion was a war between the States; it was a war for the Union, and the Union to-day is of all the States."

General Gobin may have been incorrectly reported. Be that as it may. The second and third clauses of this short sentence contradict the first. In algebra equal quantities on opposite sides of an equation cancel each other. So in logic the refusal to recognize a great historical truth, and the recognition of that same truth by the same person in the same sentence, may be taken as opposite equivalents. The recognition of the States in the third clause cancels the refusal to recognize them in the first. The Union being "to-day of all the States," to say that "it was a war for the Union" is tantamount to saying that it was a war between the States.

But this saying—that "it was a war for the Union"—must be taken with many more than one grain of salt. Without very material qualifications, it is not true of either side. From the date of the Louisiana purchase, down, through the Hartford Convention, to the Disunion Convention at Worcester, Massachusetts, the South were singing *pacans* to the Union, while leading exponents of Northern sentiment—controlling spirits of the party who now claim to have made "war for the Union"—were denouncing the Union as "a covenant with Hell and a league with death." I quote from the Worcester resolutions to show their spirit and purpose:

"*Resolved*, That the necessity for Disunion is written in the whole existing character and conditions of the two sections of the country—in their social organization, education, habits and laws—and no government on earth was ever strong enough to hold together such opposing forces.

"*Resolved*, That this movement does not seek merely Disunion, but the more perfect union of the free States, by the *expulsion* of the slave States from the Confederation, in which they have ever

been an element of discord, danger and disgrace.

"*Resolved*, That henceforward, instead of regarding it as an objection to any system of policy that it will lead to a separation of the States, we will proclaim that to be the highest of all recommendations and the grateful proof of statesmanship, and will support, politically or otherwise such men and measures as appear to tend most to this result.

"*Resolved*, That the sooner the separation takes place the more peaceful it will be; but that peace or war is a secondary consideration. Slavery must be conquered, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

The South fought—not for the Union—but for the right to withdraw peaceably from the Union. The North fought—not for the Union—but for a material, not to say vital, change in the compact of union. This is on the surface. In searching for "motives" and "hidden springs," the American Sallust will not have to go far below the surface to discover a peculiar phase of a conflict older than the Union by many centuries, and not yet ended whatever else may have been settled by that war.

Mr. W. H. Seward lived in the South long enough to discover and comprehend the true meaning and philosophy of Mr. Jefferson's aphorism above quoted. Few men now living—fewer, born and grown to manhood since the war—can readily comprehend them without a change of the phraseology to correspond with the changed nomenclature of to-day.

In Jefferson's day political parties were known as Federalists and Republicans. The Federalists, led by John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, advocated a monarchical and aristocratic form of government. Their great leader wrote as follows:

"A nobility must and will exist. First magistrates and Senators had better be made hereditary at once than that the people should be universally debauched and bribed. The poor are destined to labor and the rich, by the advantages of education, independence and leisure, are qualified for superior stations.

"In future ages, if the present States become a great nation, their own feeling and good sense will dictate to them what

to do. They may make transitions to a nearer resemblance of the British Constitution."

The Republicans, led by Jefferson, advocated popular government, of, by and for the people, without discriminations for or against any "element," rich or poor. At that time the word *democrat* had not come into use as a political party name. Jefferson did not use it in that sense. Much later the advocates of monarchy and aristocracy called the advocates of popular government Democrats, by way of opprobrium. The popular government party accepted the name, as more significant of their creed. They discarded their old name, their opponents picked it up, appropriated it, and have ever since masqueraded as "Republicans."

Mr. Jefferson had no reference to political party alignments, but to business avocations solely. In the phraseology and nomenclature of to-day, his aphorism would read as follows:

"The wage-earners and producers of the North are the natural allies of the slaveholders of the South."

Those whom he called "the Democrats of the North" were the very same classes whom ex-Governor Bullock and the New York *Press* now call "the anarchial elements;" the very same whom Prof Laughlin now calls "the socialistic elements"—the wage-earning and producing classes; factory hands and farmers; all would suffer by legislation of the general government intended to put wages and the prices of the products of labor *down* and the relative cost of living *up*.

It was a revelation to the astute young New Yorker when he saw money for wages and the products of labor going *into* the pockets of Southern capital. At the North all this was reversed. There capital was *paying out*, while at the South capital was *taking in*, money for wages and the products of labor. On the other hand, Southern capital, required by self-interest and local law to take good care of its slaves, had to *pay out* for their cost of living; while Northern capital, paying for labor by orders on its own supply stores, was *taking in* a profit on the cost of living; and the greater the cost of living the greater the profit.

This contrariety of interests made Northern capital the advocate and South-

ern capital the opponent of "economic policies" tending and intended to put the wages of labor and the prices of labor's products down and the relative cost of living *up*.

In this contrariety of interests Mr. Lincoln discovered "a house divided against itself."

In this contrariety of interests Mr Seward discovered a conflict, all the more "irrepressible," because it was one of capital with capital—of the capital that had to *pay out* money with the capital that was *taking in* money for wages—and yet only a "peculiar" phase of that other conflict—of capital with labor—patrician against plebian—which was not new when Rome was founded, and was old when Menenius Agrippa recited to the *seceding plebs* on Mons Sacer his fable of the Belly and its members.

In this contrariety of interests the Disunionists of the Worcester Convention discovered "opposing forces," which "no government on earth was ever strong enough to hold together." As a remedy, they proposed "the expulsion of the slave States from the confederation."

In response the Southern States proposed to "withdraw peaceably." Then Mr. Seward and his following said:

"No. We need you in our business and will not let you go. We prefer to divorce Southern capital from labor and thus harmonize the interests of capital, North and South. We can then carry into effect our "economic policies" without opposition from Southern capital."

Like ex-Governor Bullock and the New York *Press*, Mr. Seward and the Worcester Disunionists were

"Not far apart.

They were quick to adopt his methods. They had all of a sudden a spasm of—"war for the Union."

That the chief object of the war was to *put wages down*, proofs abound, and would fill a volume. Limited space restricts me to a very brief notice of a few.

In 1870 Attorney General Ackerman was sent from Washington City on a mission. That mission was to teach Southern capital that it had no longer any interests in common with labor. In Representatives' Hall, Atlanta, Sept. 1, 1870, he said:

"How is the (capital and labor) problem affected by the elevation of the colored man to freedom? Labor and capital were in the same hands here in the South. They have now become divorced by emancipation."

About the same time there was a commercial convention called to meet at Memphis, Tennessee. It was attended by Senator Sprague and other prominent representatives of Northern capital, preaching the necessity of cheaper labor; and that, slavery having been abolished, Southern capital should unite with Northern capital on "economic policies" to put wages down.

Among the authoritative exponents of the objects of the war, the New York *Times* and Cincinnati *Commercial* then stood pre-eminent. On July 14, 1868, the *Times* said:

"The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* says that the Southern planters, 'profiting by free labor have now discovered that more money can be made out of a freedman's labor than from that of a slave.' We are glad to hear it. In the old days of slavery we always told the Southern people that this was the case."

On July 21, 1869, the *Times* said:

"It was only a few weeks ago that the name of Koopmanschap was unknown to fame. Suddenly it has emerged from the obscurity, with which the appellations of ordinary mortals are surrounded, and occupies a lofty niche within the nation's fame. Everybody is asking 'Who is Koopmanschap?' Fortunately he has arrived in the city just in time to answer for himself this question, as propounded to him by our reporter yesterday."

"It is the importation of (Chinese) coolies in the past and the proposed transportation immediately of hundreds of thousands more, to supply the demand for labor everywhere, and in every industrial department, and especially to cultivate the neglected plantations of the South that has made the name of Koopmanschap famous in the land."

"The woollen factory of Lazar freres in San Francisco, employs 300 Chinamen who make splendid hands, although they were entirely ignorant of the business when first employed by that firm. This was two years ago, when the Irish hands refused to work more than eight hours a

day. The firm immediately discharged them, and employed the coolies, paying the latter for ten hours' labor a day only \$1.00 per diem on an average, while to the Irish laborers they had paid on an average \$3.00 per diem, or from \$60 to \$100 per month.

"Mr. Koopmanschap says that he does not bring over Chinese women. They are sure to follow wherever the men go. The Chinamen will import them for themselves."

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, advocating the importation of Chinese coolies to work for less wages than would feed an American white man or negro freedman, said:

"Weavers of cotton or silk can be had in China for two or three dollars a month; and skilled artisans receive from five to eight dollars for that period of time."

"Women are found in abundance in China to do the labor of households for their mere bread and clothing. Laborers can be got in the tea districts of China for six or seven cents a day."

"The American laborer consumes enough meat, tea and coffee two or three times a day to keep a Chinaman for a week. The price of meat, as is well known, is four or five times that of bread."

"The subsistence of the great mass of the Chinese is extremely simple. The great staple, of which it consists, is rice; and this, mixed with a little bread, a few vegetables, a little fruit and a little meat (more frequently fish) constitutes the whole diet of millions. Indeed the small consumption of animal food in China is one of the wonders of the country to a stranger. The flesh of beef or mutton is scarcely ever tasted except by the rich and no Chinaman ever uses either milk butter or cheese."

The Jewish Essenes were the first anti-slavery society. Curiously enough, while their opposition to slavery was based on universal brotherhood, they were opposed to marriage, which is the basis of brotherhood in the family. Apart from their celibacy, their tenets were admirable, and their lives, ordered by the golden rule, pure and lovely. Yet they were few in numbers—less than 4,000 out of the whole Jewish nation—and generally contemned by their fellow countrymen.

So, universal brotherhood was the very corner stone of the creed of the first American abolitionists. They were even more inconsistent than the Essenes in this; that their utterances caused many to believe their hatred of the white brother in the South to be a stronger "motive" than their love for the black brother. Apart from this, their doctrines were alluring and their lives pure. Yet they, too were few in number and, even in New England generally despised as a pestilent sect—until some one suggested that "free labor is cheaper than slave labor, and more money can be made out of a freed-man's labor than from that of a slave."

Analyzed by the philosophic method of the true historian, this meant, that "if the opposition of Southern slaveholders could be neutralized by emancipation, the wages of laboring men, white or black, could, by 'appropriate legislation' of the general government, be put down below the cost of living of a negro slave, and both whites and blacks forced to conform their appetites to the slim diet of Chinese coolies."

When this idea began to spread, the abolition movement took on a political aspect, and soon reached an *expansion* that culminated in the war between the States for the Divorce of Southern Capital from Labor.

Many good men, patriots like General Gobin, thought they were fighting "for the Union," when they were fighting for a change in the compact of union, or for a new union, organized on a new basis, then supposed to be more favorable to capital in the conflict with labor. Many good men, genuine philanthropists, thought they were fighting to ameliorate the condition of the negro, when they were fighting to bring all American labor, whether white or black, down to the condition of Chinese coolies.

This was no rare phenomenon in the history of the peoples. So common has it been in the past that Mons. Guizot, in his *Lectures on Civilization*, said:

"Man advances in the execution of a plan, which he has not conceived and of which he is not even aware. He is the free, intelligent artificer of a work which is not his own. He does not perceive or comprehend it till it manifests itself by external appearances and real results—(such as five-cent cotton and fifty-cent

wheat)—and even then he comprehends it very imperfectly. It is through his means, however, that it is accomplished. Conceive a great machine, the design of which is centered in a single mind, though its various parts are entrusted to different workmen, separated from and strangers to each other. No one of them understands the work as a whole, nor the general results, which he concurs in producing; but every one executes the particular task assigned to him."

The divorce of Southern capital from labor has not been a perfect or permanent success. The *New York Press* and ex-Governor Bullock virtually admit and prove this, by what they say of the *continued alliance* of the solid Southern vote with the wage-earning and producing classes of the North and West, and by their desire to counteract and overcome that alliance, the one by Congressional legislation and the other by his proposed new rule, to control Southern representation in Congress. Some Southern capital, invested in cotton mills and other enterprises, employing many hands and carrying long pay-rolls, has been a quick convert to the "economic policies," tending to minimize the amount of money to be paid out for wages and material. A few cotton mill presidents and stockholders, being purchasers and not producers, would be more than content if they could buy cotton at less than half its present low price, which is now less than the average cost of production. But the great mass of Southern capital is still invested in lands and the production of cotton, and is subdivided and distributed among so many individuals and families that its voting strength is fifteen or twenty times greater than that of the small part of Southern capital converted by the divorce. Moreover, the big cotton plantation is every day becoming more and more the exception—not the rule. The one big planter with twenty-five to a hundred plows and a single vote, is giving place to ten, or more, renters, with ten or more votes. To them the price of cotton is the measure of the reward of their daily labors—the equivalent of wages. When forced to sell their cotton for five cents a pound they are as discontented—that is to say, as "anarchial" and as "socialistic"—as Northern and Western farmers when

they have to sell their wheat at fifty cents a bushel, or less; or Northern and Western wage-earners when their wages are cut down. Now, as in Mr. Jefferson's time, all these are "natural allies," because of common and identical interests. As the final result of the divorce, this alliance has gained so many more votes than it has lost that it has become common practice to speak of the Southern vote as—"solid."

Render to President McKinley all praise due to his desire to reconcile the sections, as shown by his proposal that the general government should care for Confederate graves. But if the wage-earners and producers—factory hands and farmers—of the North and West had comprehended the philosophy of Mr. Jefferson's aphorism, there would not have been any war between the States, nor any graves to care for, nor any estrangement to be reconciled. If in the future both sides to that continued "*natural alliance*," which it is now proposed to overcome by Congressional legislation or a new rule to regulate Southern representation in Congress, have intelligence enough to comprehend, and do not again lose sight of the identity of interests, which is the basis of that "*natural alliance*," there will never be another war between the States.

I do not question the patriotism of those who believe that in this commercial age we can only become great and prosperous as a nation by underselling other nations in the markets of the world, and to do that, must have the cheapest labor. But I do question their statesmanship. Some thirty years ago Governor Horatio Seymour discussed this subject in a speech at Utica, New York; from which I give a brief extract. He said:

"The country is harrassed by Indian and African problems. It is now also perplexed with the Asiatic question. It come up like a black cloud upon our western borders, taking unusual forms and proportions. To all who have studied it, it causes great anxiety. * * *

"It is urged by some that Chinese immigration will lower the wages of our labor, cheapen production and add to the

national wealth. This is not true. Cheap labor does not add to a nation's wealth; neither does it cheapen production. Look over the map of the world and you will find universal poverty where labor is most poorly paid.

But we must turn to our own country to learn how true it is that labor must be well paid to give wealth and prosperity to a land. If the laborers and mechanics of the United States were put upon the same pay given to the Chinamen we should have universal bankruptcy throughout the bounds of our country. Three quarters of the stores of this city would be closed. Why is it that a town of 10,000 people here does more business than a city of 100,000 in Asia? It is due to the fact that our mechanics are able to build houses; to furnish them with the comforts of life; to clothe themselves and their families, not only in a way which protects their persons, but also gratifies their tastes; which enables them to support the arts and industry in all its forms. Why are the people of these United States able to bear a percentage of taxation which would crush any other nation? It is simply because the wages of labor here enable men to consume all those varied articles which pay a duty to the government. Go where you will, the world over, and you will find the greatest general wealth, the greatest prosperity and the greatest happiness where you find the greatest wages for labor.

"Short sightedness is always incident to selfishness and greed. Let these men bear in mind that when they have broken down the body of the laborers of this country they will have destroyed their ability to be the consumers of manufactured products. The evils of underpaid labor will not fall upon the working men alone. All classes must suffer when they are made poor. The owners of real estate, the merchant, the manufacturer, will find that the laws of trade and the rules of value are universal and unvarying.

"True statesmanship and generous wisdom ever look to building up the interests of labor. Where the homes of toil are happy, and where prosperity waits upon the hand of industry, there is national greatness, wealth and glory."

A COPYRIGHT PERFORMANCE.

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

THERE was a growing conviction in the mind of Mrs Stuart Lancaster that there had been a perceptible decline in the chivalrous devotion her husband had in the earlier months of their married life been wont to lavish upon his wife. It was not that he was exactly neglectful or unmindful of her comfort or pleasure; but somehow of late his manner toward her had been tempered with an indifference which was all the more palpable in contrast to the fervor of his earlier adoration and the impetuosity of his wooing.

Lancaster had met his wife for the first time less than a year previous, on one of his frequent runs into New York—his native village being scarcely an hour's run from the metropolis. He and his friend Willard—the clever dramatic critic of the "Passing Show"—had together dropped in on a public performance given by one of the metropolitan schools of dramatic instruction—"West's actor factory," Willard called it, in irreverent quotation. The feature of the occasion was a sparkling comedietta and it chanced that Marion Lossing (whom Mr. West pronounced the cleverest *ingenue* he had ever trained, and for whom he predicted great things) appeared in the leading role. She was unquestionably pretty and *piquant*, and the entire absence of amateurish crudity in her conception and reading seemed to warrant West's confidence in her capabilities.

Lancaster was captivated. With Willard's assistance an introduction was secured, followed by numerous subsequent meetings—with the result that in three months, Lancaster had persuaded Marion to give up her projected stage career and an excellent engagement with a famous stock company—greatly to the disgust of Mr. West, who regarded Marion's matrimonial venture as a base perversion of unusual talent.

So it was that Marion found herself after the honeymoon settling down

into rather a humdrum existence in a rather prosaic town, instead of "adding to the gaiety of nations" and taking rank as the first comedienne of her time, as she had fondly hoped one day to do. At first, it was rather pleasant to be free from the necessity of long and wearisome rehearsals, the arduous labor, the rigid training and severe criticism to which she had been daily subjected. Stuart too, at first, was all that could be desired in the matter of lover-like attention and devotion; but as the days went by it was borne in upon her, that her husband was growing daily less punctilious, less observant of the forms and courtesies that are the lubricants of the machinery of society, and less indulgent to her little whims and vagaries. In the beginning of their acquaintance, the most trivial fact or circumstance pertaining to her had possessed a vivid interest for him; now she noted with pain, that he assumed a politely bored and injured air when she ventured to speak of herself.

Lancaster's business called him often to New York, but he seldom asked his wife to accompany him—though he must have known how she hungered for her beloved Rialto, and the theatrical world which had once been hers. Then there came a visit from Nellie Palmer—a former school-mate of Marion's, who had thought it expedient to drop her friend when she adopted the stage as a profession; but lost no time in renewing the acquaintance when she heard that Marion had married a man of position and wealth.

Nellie was a pretty, rose-leaf little creature who conceded very willingly that woman was the weaker vessel and who was only too happy to be "as moonlight unto sunlight"—provided she were permitted to bask in the sunlight to her heart's content. She had pretty, coquettish, kittenish little ways, and promptly took possession of Lancaster, from whom she exacted all sorts of trifling attentions—rather to Marion's amusement at first. But

when each day her manner grew more possessive; when her conversation was directed more and more to Lancaster; when plans were made which did not include her hostess, and especially when it began to dawn upon Marion that her husband did not seem to notice or mind this in the least, she began to realize what she had resolutely denied to herself heretofore—that she was losing her grasp upon her husband's interest, if not his affection. Hers was a singularly sweet and simple nature—wholly devoid of petty jealousy and spite. She understood perfectly that her husband cared not a whit for Nellie Palmer personally—except in that she represented to him novelty, excitement—the stimulus of the outside world. Marion realized from her own experience how deadly dull, “a monotony of two” can become, and she promptly determined to add the spice of variety to the conjugal menu. She was by no means stupid and she realized how worse than useless words would prove; so she resolved to act—to act (she smiled involuntarily). Why not?—it had been her profession once.

That afternoon when Lancaster and Nellie came in from a stroll, Marion was seated on the veranda, looking so dainty and sweet in her delicate organ-die, that even her husband noted, with the easy pride of possession, that she looked remarkably well. She greeted them with the unfailing and unvarying sweetness which had always marked her manner toward her guest—whatever her private provocations might have been. Nellie promptly assumed possession of the hammock—and her friend's husband—simultaneously, occasionally addressing a careless remark to her hostess who embroidered with unruffled serenity.

Presently the gate clanged and there entered a boy in the uniform of a district messenger, with a box bearing conspicuously the name of a New York florist.

“For me,” Nellie said, affirmatively rather than interrogatively, as she rose from the hammock. But Lancaster, after a hurried glance at the address, handed the parcel to his wife.

“For me,” she answered sweetly, with just the faintest rose flush and the tiniest touch of embarrassment. She opened the box, displaying a mass of exquisite, dewy, long-stemmed American Beauties, crumpling in her hand the card which lay upon them. Lancaster's brow contracted, but Marion knew perfectly, that though he would have given half his income to see the name inscribed on that card he would never ask. She lifted one great, heavy, purple-crimson bloom and held it lightly against her cheek for an instant (Mr. West always said her eye for color was remarkable), and Nellie, whose beauty harmonized better with softer and more delicate tints, could not deny the wisdom of the action.

“They are my own flowers” said Marion softly. “I feel as if they were made for me;” and her auditors both inwardly conceded their perfect harmony with her rich, dark beauty. She went into the dining room and heaped the gorgeous blossoms into a great cut-glass bowl which she placed in the centre of the table, a little smile hovering about her lips the while.

Meanwhile her husband was giving rather divided attention to Nellie's artless prattle as he speculated, in spite of himself, upon the donor of the roses. “It couldn't have been Sherrill,” he told himself, “he was on a yachting cruise somewhere in Southern waters; possibly Frank Luttrell who had played opposite parts to her during her brief stage career; or perhaps Clarges, the big tragedian who had wanted her for his leading woman, and who was now on the road—why he had seen Clarges a day or two before on Broadway. It was Clarges of course.” Having thus settled the matter, he became moodily silent, and Nellie's gay sallies failed to win response. Whenever during dinner, that evening, his eyes sought Nellie's, Marion had the satisfaction of observing his face darken, and his brow contract, as his glance fell upon the floral barrier between them.

The next evening as they sat together at dinner, Nellie turned to her hostess and said plaintively.

"Marion, dear, I am just dying to see the Braeme girls. I've so much to say to Lena and I hear she is leaving to-morrow. Do you suppose you could persuade your husband to take me this evening? Of course you wouldn't care to go?"

Marion answered with a cheerful alacrity, which rather piqued her husband,

"I'm sure he would be delighted. You won't mind if I don't wait up for you, dear? I've half a dozen letters to write, and then I shall retire. I confess to feeling a trifle stupid this evening."

She smiled brightly up at Lancaster—so brightly and serenely indeed, that somehow he felt a trifle less happy than usual at the prospect of a *tete a tete* with their pretty guest.

That night when they returned from their call, Lancaster went up stairs very softly, thinking not to disturb Marion, who must have retired. He opened the door of his dressing room gently and lifted the portieres which divided it from his wife's. She was sitting there clad in a loose white negligé of some soft clinging fabric, with great billows of lace falling away from her pretty rounded arms and throat. Her eyes were bent down—she had wonderful lashes—and the light from a red shaded lamp fell softly on the tender curves of her lips and cheek. So pretty was the attitude (West trained his pupile well) that at first Lancaster did not observe that her gaze was fixed on a picture she held in her hand—the portrait of a man, as he could vaguely see, and which he intuitively knew was not his own.

She held the portrait a little away from her, gazing at it with a look so full of wistfull tenderness, that Lancaster felt an odd contraction at his heart. He dropped the portiere silently, and when a few moments later he re-entered more noisily, Marion met him with a serene and placid smile.

"Have you had a pleasant evening dear?" she said.

The next few days passed uneventfully, but Nellie found Stuart strangely distraight, and unresponsive to her

pretty little wiles. One evening, as they were all sitting together on the moonlit veranda, Lancaster for the first time in weeks, asked his wife to sing. She rose at once.

"Is there any special song you care for—either of you?" she said. "Shall the strain be grave or gay?"

"Will you sing 'Love's Proving' for me, Marion?" he asked, in a tone she had not heard him use for days.

To his surprise the careless smile faded from her lips. She hesitated a little, then said, nervously, appealingly, almost.

"Not tonight, please, dear. Let me sing something else. I".—

She faltered and stood looking up at him appealingly. Stuart set his teeth.

"Yes, *that*, if you please. I wish it," he said.

Without a word she turned, went into the house and seated herself at the piano. Above the chimney piece, in the room where the piano stood, hung a large mirror, and from his place on the veranda as he sat facing Nellie, Lancaster could see Marion reflected perfectly, while she sang. Marion had very little voice, but that little was so carefully trained and controlled, that she always succeeded in convincing her auditors of its entire adequacy. Very tenderly, she poured out the pleading tones, till as she reached the yearning refrain,—

"How can I leave thee or bid thee to go,

"Seeing I love thee and worship thee so".—

She faltered suddenly, and in the mirror he saw her drop her face upon her arms and keep it there for a moment. The next instant she dashed into a gay French chanson, and when a little later she joined them, she seemed so gay and bright that her husband could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. More and more the conviction forced itself upon him, that Marion had a secret grief, that she cared for some one—Clarges perhaps, or that cad Luttrell—and, he, well, he began to realize more than ever before, how much his wife was to him.

When he returned from the city the following afternoon, he brought in ad-

dition to the usual bonbons for Nellie, a huge box of his wife's favorite roses; and he pleased himself on the homeward journey fancying how her face would brighten and her dark eyes light up at the sight of them. When he reached home Nellie stood waiting on the steps to welcome him, but he looked past the bewitching vision in blue, with a glance of such keen and impatient inquiry that even Nellie felt constrained to say,

"Marion is up stairs lying down. She has a headache I believe. Won't you let me?"—

But Lancaster had passed her with a remark that sounded distinctly uncivil, and the next moment entered Marion's room. As he opened the door, he noticed that she hastily thrust something beneath her pillow; and the face she turned toward him, wore a rather perturbed expression. Very fair and sweet she looked with her dark hair loose against the pillow, the soft laces falling back from her throat and wrists, her dark eyes lifted wistfully to his. Impulsively he bent to take her in his arms; but as he drew her to him something slid softly from beneath the covers and fell to the floor. It was a photograph, and it required all of Lancaster's gentlemanly instinct and training; and all the self-control of which he was master to enable him to seem to ignore it. He laid the roses in her hands and it gave him keen pain to note that she thanked him sweetly but perfunctorily; and that she took them with an air of indifference, almost in sharp contrast to the manner in which she had received those which had been sent her a few days earlier. He sat with her for a little while; then forcing back the pain and bitterness in his heart, he went below where it is to be feared, Nellie found him rather difficult to entertain.

The following afternoon, he and Nellie sat together in the library, while Marion wrote letters upstairs. When callers were announced and Marion was summoned, he excused himself and went moodily up to his own room. There was a miserable jealous pain at his heart and he wanted to

think it all out, to view the matter from every side and then decide what was to be done. He had been so sure of Marion, so confident of her deep and abiding love for him; and now a terrible fear was beginning to harass him, a fear which every day seemed to confirm. There was without doubt another man whom she had loved—whom she still loved perhaps, at whose picture she gazed with love and longing, whom—

He sprang to his feet. He had always deemed himself an honorable man, but honor was beside the question in a case like this. Whatever the consequences might be, he resolved that he would find out whose the picture was. If it were Clarges'—he set his teeth ominously and strode into his wife's room. He wrenched open the little private drawer of her desk and with nervous haste turned over the contents. There were many of the little souvenirs that women prize but nothing to confirm. He caught his breath sharply. There at the bottom of the drawer lay a glove—a man's glove, a half withered rose and a photograph. With trembling hands he took it up—it was the likeness of a man with a fine strong handsome face the kind of face that women worship. He knew instinctively that his wife compared him in her thoughts to the inevitable Greek god to whom women always liken the men they admire; and with a jealous pang he was forced to admit the beauty of the face, with its lifted eyes, firm yet tender mouth and fine, strong contour. With a sigh at the contrast, he caught sight of his own pleasing, but by no means remarkable face in an opposite mirror, and he wondered if Marion had ever thus compared them. He was turning to leave the room, thankful at least that the portrait was not that of Clarges, when his eyes fell upon an unfinished letter on Marion's desk and the fragments of another, written in a bold masculine hand, which lay beside it. Honor was cast to the winds. He gathered up such of the fragments as he could find, pieced them together, and read:

..... Marion.
 How can I bear it longer? If you were happy..... but it rends my heart to know..... coldness and neglect. Sometimes I have been haunted by a fear..... will not forget. Marion if you ever..... tell me that you are not unhappy. Tell me that you love your husband..... your heart and soul and I will never trouble you again. Believe me, my love for you is so....., it is sufficient for me to know that you are happy. If you....."

Try as he might, Lancaster could find no more. He turned to his wife's letter, evidently in answer:

"My Dear Friend:—

You have been so good, so kind and faithful always that I forgive in you what I could not forgive in another. More than this I will tell you what you ask. I am happier far than I ever hoped or deserved to be. I do love my husband with all my heart and I know that he loves me. Even though he may seem to you negligent and cold, I know his heart is mine and I love him—shall love him always."

Stuart Lancaster laid the letter down with the expression his face might have worn had he been discovered picking the pocket of a friend. He was ashamed to face even his own reflection in the mirror. He was abased, humbled, and thoroughly contrite. Carefully, he replaced the articles and the letters, and returned to his own room. Very deliberately he lighted a cigar, seated himself and proceeded to review the events of his married life. What ever this man had been to Marion, she loved her husband only now. True he had sent her roses; but he thought of the flowers he had lavished upon a certain pretty impersonator at one of the metropolitan variety houses. True Marion had kept the glove and the portrait; but had not he himself a

score of such souvenirs? All his careless indifference of the past few months rose up accusingly before him, and all that was fine in Lancaster's nature rose to meet it. He resolved to ask, to question nothing; to trust Marion implicitly and to atone in every possible way for his past neglect. This resolution he carried out with a persistency that amazed Nellie, and doubtless had the effect of shortening her visit. He never spoke to Marion of the portrait, but the knowledge of its presence and that there must always be in his wife's mind the inevitable comparison, never failed to act as a spur to his devotion.

Meantime Marion was telling herself that Mr. West would have entertained a yet higher opinion of his pupil's versatility could he have known how skilfully she had been playing a rather difficult role. All the scenes and situations to which she had treated her husband in the past few weeks, had been bits of studied acting; and the accompanying accessories, but the properties in a clever comedy played to an audience of one.

The roses, she had ordered sent from a New York florist; the letter from the mythical lover, she herself had written with infinite pains, and placed where Lancaster would be likely to chance upon it; the glove she had picked up in a cable car and had preserved as a bit of artistic detail; and the photograph, which she had selected at random from the stock of a metropolitan dealer in portraits of celebrities, was that of a handsome actor whom she had never seen.



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THE PLAYERS



CRITICISM, AND WHY THE ST. LOUIS DRAMATIC CRITICS DISAGREE.

What is the weight of authority carried by criticism? Is the critic, especially the dramatic critic, a clothed external authority, a dictator, at whose shrine the public consciously or unconsciously worships, awaiting his verdict ere they will venture to form, much less express an opinion of their own; or does he serve merely to entertain the public and advertise the performance? Is the product of the critic's pen an art, or a science; or is it merely the expression of his individual opinions, unsupported, or supported in a greater or less degree by the opinions of others? Does the critic place a high standard of art, and then by nice discrimination and good judgment, tell us whether the production measures up to the required standard entirely eliminating the personal equation; or are his words merely the reflex of his own personal taste?

These are questions which the writer will not presume to answer, but has requested the several dramatic critics in St. Louis to state concisely their own view-points and methods of criticism.

With many, no doubt, the utterances of the critic obtain as staunchly as did those of the Delphic Oracle, ages ago, and it is therefore obvious that his position is a responsible, as well as an onerous one, since he, in a great measure, moulds the half formulated opinions of some, and entirely makes opinions for many

« Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town. »

Of the responsibility attendant upon these guides of men's opinions, Pope opens his magnificent essay on criticism with this remark:

« 'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To try our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,—
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

The capacity of the critic should therefore essentially involve wide knowledge, broad mindedness, judgment, taste, accuracy, acumen, experience, candor, etc. He must first of all be imbued with an unflagging interest in affairs. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the individual styles of different artists, and have seen all varieties of perfection, in order to form a general conception of excellence, which will give value and strength to his decisions. He should base his observations first, upon general reflections, and then analytically proceed to dissect and dismember, bit by bit, for thorough microscopic investigation, in order to determine justly the merits and demerits, and inflict praise or censure according as it is deserved.

That a critic should endeavor to distinguish that which is because it is right, from that which is right because it is, is one of the fundamental precepts of Aristotle, the father of critics, emulated by his successors, Horace, Dionysius and Petronius; each of whom excelled in the art, and are worthy of implicit veneration from our modern critics.

Criticism, be it art or science, involves and embraces solid judgment, and an accurate discernment that can probe into the whys and wherefores, can fully appreciate an excellence when found, and then present that excellence to the world in all its variety of tints and not in mere empty exclamations.

As regards the functions of criticism, Pope goes directly to the point when he says:

« The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire. »

He also avers that the true critic is usually *born*; that he must have the natural endowments of judgment and taste as two



MINNIE SELIGMAN.

GRAYCE SCOTT.

LOUISE CLOSSER.

HOBART BOSWORTH.

JOHN MAHER.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE STOCK COMPANY.

inseparable links, useless each without the other.

He then encourages us with, "the seeds of judgment are sown in the minds of most men;" but dissipates the effect by adding that from ill-culture they spring up and often run wild and the reasoning becomes depraved; for judgment, when it is alone, is not a constant quality, but is generally regulated, or at least influenced, by custom, fashion and habit; yet, "Tis with our judgments, as our watches, none go just alike, and each believes his own." Judgment must therefore be essentially accompanied by taste, which curbs the critic, acquaints him with his limitations and keeps him from "launching out beyond his depth" into obscurity. He then goes on to outline the causes of erring judgment and says study has given some more erudition than taste. Of the importance of taste Ruskin says, "Perfect taste is the quality through which we receive the greatest possible pleasure from material sources."

The two noblest objects of criticism are to elevate mankind to what is lofty by toning down and softening what is mean, thus quickening our sensibilities to the good already existing, and raising our conceptions of things to the highest ideals by conclusions deduced from the most carefully drawn comparisons.

Mr. Archer, the greatest English critic, says in the *Criterion*, "Criticism should be honest, of course. Whether it should be purely personal, or merely a reflection of public sentiment is less sure. Perhaps we might come near the truth if we said, that it should be the expression of personal opinion modified and toned up, so to speak, by policy. A play should not be regarded as an isolate fact, but as one link in the development of drama."

Dryden thought only those who excelled in an art themselves could correctly judge of that art. Experience, however, has flatly contradicted and disapproved his reasoning and dethroned his theory. Conceive the fate of actors, were their merits to be decided only by their rivals. Criticisms prompted by jealousy, as they would naturally be, would disclose no fair results; fellow-

players would be weighed in the balance and always found wanting.

If any art appeals to the world at large, the world has a right to decide on its beauties, blemishes, excellences, defects, faults and virtues. It is on the concurrent opinion of persons of education and the catholicity of taste that the estimation must ultimately rest. Every artist has a peculiar style of his own, which asserts itself and characterizes all his productions. This style naturally creeps into his criticisms of productions, which he commends or censures as the points converge or diverge from his own fixed standard, perhaps without apparent facts for confutation of his decisions. School Rhetorics tell us, "To have a specific style is to be poor in speech; a perfectly endowed man must write in all styles." Explain then the habitual pomposity of Johnson, grand eloquence of Gibbons, the majesty of Milton, the simplicity of Goldsmith, the abstruceness of Ibsen.

We cannot get away from ourselves or our own view-points. Many strive to doctor their style with peculiarity, which is often conducive to effect,—instance, Alan Dale, who impresses one as a chronic fault-finder, a professional boiler and roaster of things dramatic, a *blase* satirist, who writes essays on beauty, talent and the lack of both; one who, knowing every possible situation within dramatic range, is naturally bored to recognize and admire excellence, but an extremeist when he does.

Others deem vivacity and spontaneous outbursts the more forcible forms. Joëquin Miller recommends ordinary uncolored phraseology. He says: "Get back to simple, forceful Saxon. Don't deck your great thoughts out in little French frills, nor in low necks and swallow-tail coats; if you do, they will take cold and die. Garment them in simple Saxon terms if you want to touch the heart of the world and live in life and in story." Many give us but a treatise on style, which affects us only superficially, as we sink back and cannot rise above ourselves.

It is interesting to note the different standpoints from which our local critic review a play.



CHARLES P. SALISBURY. (Photo by Stein.)

Mr. Homer Bassford, the erudite critic on *The Republic*, who signs himself «The Reviewer,» expresses himself as follows:

The writer whose business it is to put on paper his opinions of public stage performances, usually dramatic or musical in character, should address but one audience.

In the course of his employment the professional writer is almost certain to build up some form of personal acquaintanceship with the men and women who furnish our professional stage entertainment. Being possessed of the ordinary human instincts, he finds himself, from time to time, struggling with the question of duty between friends and the public. Of these two audiences, there is but one to be considered seriously by the man who hopes to establish and maintain a reputation as an authority upon the subject of the public stage and its traditions. The intelligent actor will not permit his friendship with a professional writer to influence the critic's public observations in his behalf. The great audience that follows the writer's observations may be fooled once—perhaps twice—but not more than that. I might go a bit further and iconoclastically observe that it is not the critic's mission to be particularly critical. He should be, first of all, entertaining, for judgment is largely a question of individual tendency. The critic who is entertaining and not critical is much more valuable to his following than he whose work is one of fault-finding without the quality of entertainment.

Mr. Richard Spamer, who «does the theatres» for *The Star*, takes an entirely different view from that of Mr. Bassford. See what he has to say:

From what point of view do I criticise a play, or rather, theatrical performance? From every point, the number of points being determined by the importance of the play and the performance. When Richard Mansfield comes to town with *Cyrano de Bergerac*, or some similar world-compelling work, the points of view are so numerous as to defy enumeration. When any lesser theatrical light shoots across the dramatic firmament of St. Louis, I view and review him, or her, or it, from a smaller number of points. But all my views and reviews have this in common:

I aim to be just, understanding the difficulties of the authors, the actors, the stage-managers and the scenic artist's task, and my own. As regards the author, I ask myself: Has his work any dramatic or literary-value; is it true to the ideals or thoughts implied in his theme; does it reflect the nature of man; does it point a moral; is the stage any better for his having wrought; has he any warrant, natural or derived, for his undertaking; will it live or ought it to die? I then proceed to permit it to live or hasten the obsequies to the extent of my ability backed by the opportunity of reaching a public which so far as it has taken cognizance of my work, knows that neither the blandishments of the advertiser of the show, the traveling manager, or the local impres-

ario nor any other commercial or extraneous influence can bias my judgment in the least. As for the actor, my sympathies are so thoroughly with him that I always want to treat him as a friend. He must be a very indifferent histrion or plainly show that he has missed his calling before I find heart to tell him so directly or impliedly. The actor has taught me more of the deep heart of man than any preacher or any book. Life as he reveals it is the life that generates in me those aspirations by which I am bound. His demeanor is to me a series of protestations by which I am fed. He bids me enter the world of ideals in which I love to live, to move and have my being; for as I am constituted it is ideals and not deeds that lead me on.

As for the stage-manager: I know this Cerberus. Many a time and oft has his exercise of power closed the door of Elysium on the aspiring Thespian. Frequently, too, he has so cut and slashed, trimmed and pruned a play to put into it his notions—personal to his company, material to his audience—that the signs of his dictatorship, when noted, are the signal for an acidulated homily from the subscriber.

As for the scenic artist: With him I only quarrel when he has been imbued with the notion that he is the whole show. His work calls for adverse comment when it has the theatrical quality as distinguished from the dramatically natural; when like a poor singer, he resorts to falsetto notes in place of the convincing tone-color of life. I would not permit him, could I help it, to form his frequent league with the costumer and give us a scenery and upholstery drama where a correctly intellectual and sentimental work was intended.

As for that band of patient, yet unruly journeymen below the footlights and before the audience—the theatre «orchestra»—who play dirges for an extravaganza (in pure obstinacy) and do Highland flings for *Macbeth* (because he was Scotch), what shall I say of them? The frame-work of sound which they put around the picture whose easel is the stage, more frequently loses than gains by their more or less distressing labors; and how they do interrupt the conversation of those who expect some day to make both opera and drama the mere handmaidens of «society.»

«The boards that signify the world,» as Schiller calls the stage, have many, many points of view, and I cannot hope in any reasonable extent of printed space to establish any relation to any considerable part of them.

Mr. Reedy, of *The Mirror*, holds that dramatic criticism is neither an art nor a science, but a matter of tendency and personal taste, and is also materially affected by the mood of the critic, or, possibly, by the condition of his liver:

«From what point of view does one criticise a play? There's but one view-point. That's the individual. Every other individual is the center of his own universe. One man can't get into another's skin or



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

assume another's view-point. Therefore, criticism can only be one's own opinion of a play, a book, a picture or a poem, or even an ethical problem. There's but one check, therefore, on the most riotous *obiter dictum*, *ipse dixit* manner of criticism. That is the recognition that "there are others." These others include the playwright, player, poet, author. One must make allowances for them and also for all the others in the multitudes that make up the world. There's only one prime question about art. That is, "Does it please?" If the effect be pleasing, then it may be said to be good art. The question then comes as to whether the art in question pleases the more educated intelligence. You're supposed to have your share of this more educated intelligence, and that's part of your point of view. Of course your criticism amounts only to what it is worth to those who read it. If others have as good an opinion of the critic as he usually has of himself his judgment counts. If not, then, not. Criticism really is not an art. After all, one only says what pleases him. If he tries to tell why he is pleased, he only puts his pleasure into his reasons, rather than takes the pleasure out of the reasons. One is pleased or displeased first. Rules don't amount, to anything. The really great things kick holes in all the rules that ever were. The critic of a play may air his reading, or his experience or his observation as he pleases. In the long run his most elaborate article narrows down to the statement, "I liked it" or "I did not like it." There is no other point of view but one's own. As men are much alike, the verdict of the critic is most likely to be the verdict of the crowd, although the critic may get "airy" and affect to like things he doesn't like or not to like things he does like. Or a critic is apt to be "off his feed" or to be indulgent toward everything at times. A man's judgment is very frequently a matter of his mood and inclination at a given moment. The personal point of view is everything. The individual is the greatest person in the world. And that's all there is of the so-called art of criticism.

Mr. Wandell, of the *Globe-Democrat*, assumes a position diametrically opposed to that taken by Mr. Reedy, for he holds that criticism can never be a personal matter:

"The question: 'From what standpoint do you criticize a play?' presupposes that a dramatic criticism is a personal matter. This presupposition is wrong, and being wrong, makes the question a difficult one to answer. Few men, very few indeed, are qualified to pass final judgment on a dramatic production from strictly personal observation. Most, if not all, who attempt it—and there are some who 'rush in where angels fear to tread'—are given small consideration by the reading public. A just and fair criticism of any stage production, to have any value, must have back of it some knowledge of the play and the players; more knowledge of the community for whose edification or entertainment the play is given, and as nearly as possible a correct idea of the intent and purpose of the playwright. The possession of a smatter-

ing of information about the traditions and tricks of the stage is not full qualification for sitting in judgment. A personal acquaintance with actors is more often a handicap than a help to the critic, who, if he be faithful to the trust reposed in him, must serve the public and not the players; his duty is to the people in the audience, not to the people on the stage. Every critic whose opinion is recognized as a safe guide—and there are such in every community—studies the audience more closely than he studies the caperings and the mouthings of the mummerys. Experience makes this study of an audience quite an easy matter in most cases. It is not the noisiest audience that gives the most conclusive commendation of a play. The kind of applause, not the volume, is the true critic's guide. Ten minutes with an audience in the middle of a new play, will sometimes serve to show a close observer whether that audience really approves or dislikes the play. Fictitious enthusiasm is easily manufactured, just as large crowds can be gathered through fictitious methods, and the unthinking may be misled thereby. But genuine commendation can no more be created by such methods than gold dollars can be made from brass buttons. The critic whose purpose is to serve the public, whose servant he must be, soon learns to distinguish between the false rattle and the true ring in applause, just as he can tell whether a big audience has been drummed up or has come together through a real desire to see the play. Having learned thus to distinguish, he does not hesitate to trust his public; and just as he trusts his public so will he teach the people to have faith in him.

With this confidence established between critic and clientele, the purpose of the play-maker is the factor next in importance. I am well aware that the dominance of the box-office influence makes it hard at times to discover just what the intent of a play is; difficult often to discover any real intent, beyond the mere making of money. But the critic must assume that the author of a play had some purpose in view. If the purpose was simply to amuse, it is no very difficult matter to see whether or not the purpose is accomplished,—not simply whether the people laugh, but whether there is real mirth in their laughter. If the appeal is to the heart or to the intellect of the people, and not merely to the risibilities, then the critic must be able to discover whether heart or intellect is reached. If it is a melodrama, the thrills that are customarily associated with that class of plays will be easily recognized. If a tragedy, the intensity of interest will demonstrate itself. If the mirth is true, if the heart or intellect respond to the author's touch, if the thrills are really felt or if the intensity of interest holds the audience, then the play is a good one—good of its particular kind, or for that particular audience.

There is no rigid standard of dramatic art by which plays may be measured and weighed. There are traditions of "the halcyon days of the drama," but they are as valueless as old wives' tales. Dramatic Art has neither length, breadth nor thickness, and being without dimensions cannot be gauged math-



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "NATHAN HALE."

amatically. Nothing is absolute about the drama; all things are relative. Times, conditions, circumstances, all make for the success or failure of a play. The critic must know something of all these, and then he must know the audience—not merely a few people in the audience,—not individually—but the audience as representative of the community. With this knowledge, and a love of truth he will find that his criticisms have weight. Without these he will find that his words are as chaff before the wind, phrase he never so ponderously.

Mr. Uunderwood, of the *Post-Dispatch*, takes very much the same view as Mr. Wandell, and says that he strives at all times to tell the plain unvarnished truth:

The primary duty of a dramatic critic, as I understand it, is to give information to the reading public as to the character of performances in theatres. In order to do this comprehensively there must be a blending of descriptive analytical and commentatorial writing rarely found in other compositions for the daily journal. The critic, or reviewer, should give a sufficient synopsis of the argument or plot of the play to enable the reader to understand what the subject is; he must tell how the theory of the plot is worked out, and its effect upon the audience. This is descriptive.

Next he must consider the construction of the play; whether it is true to artistic rules; whether the situations are natural; whether the characters conduct themselves as real men and women might under analogous circumstances; whether the dialogue is correct and purposeful; what is the innermost meaning of the author, and whether there is a moral or lesson in the play. This is analytical.

The reviewer may properly, and in most instances should, express his individual opinion as to the general particular merits of the play, and discuss the effect upon the heart and mind, and suggest remedies for any defects he perceives.

To the work of the players a large share of critical attention must necessarily be given, for a good company may make a play of little worth enduring, while the grandest creation of the playwright may be easily rendered absurd or stupid by an inadequate cast. There are some actors so bad that they provoke laughter when their purpose is to touch the heart's tenderest emotions, and create weariness and woe when they strive to amuse. When a player of this variety appears in a theatre that is supposed to sell a high class article of entertainment it is the duty of the critic to tell the plain unvarnished truth about him. Care should be taken in such cases, however, to be absolutely sure that the disapproval is based on impartial and indisputable ground, and that the element of personal antipathy and individual idiosyncrasy does not enter into it. It is wise as well as kind to give the player the benefit of the doubt. Then, too, there are actors who violate every canon of the mummer's art, yet enjoy a wide popu-

larity. In such cases I think the critic's proper course, after having given his personal opinion of the player's work and his reasons for disapproving of it, is to add that that opinion is dissented from by many persons. My idea of criticism is that the critic should tell the exact truth according to his lights, always making it clear that it is the view of one person—a person who is fallible but probably better equipped by training and study in that particular branch of art to form a correct estimate of a play or a player's work than the casual theatre-goer. The critic occupies a quasi judicial position and owes a duty to the playmaker, the player and the theatre owner, as well as to the play-going public. He should hold the scales equipoise and exercise as much care not to condemn without reason, as he does not to commend without cause. He is no more justified in depriving the theatre of patronage by an unfair criticism than he is in deceiving the public to an entertainment that does not entertain, by undeserved praise. In either case a fraud is committed that is as reprehensible morally as larceny. The newspaper that permits its dramatic editor to deviate from what he conceives to be the truth in regard to a play, or a performance soon loses the confidence of its readers. And «it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle» than it is for a man or an institution to regain confidence once lost.

The three essentials of an adequate dramatic criticism are that the critic shall grasp the truth; tell the truth, and tell nothing but the truth.

When I met J. Edgar Clifford, who looks after the *Chronicle's* dramatic columns, he echoed back my question: «From what standpoint do I criticise a performance, and why is it dramatic criticisms are so often at variance?» Continuing he said:

I will partly dismiss the first half of your query by saying that it is as utterly impossible to lay down a formula for gauging dramatic productions as it is to arrive at an infallible rule on a way to win a woman. In each case you always find new surfaces, and it is necessary to continually change the point of view.

Setting further discussion on this aside for the moment, I will give you the best possible reason why criticisms in leading journals are so diametrically opposed to each other—they are not honest. By this do not understand me to mean that critics are dishonest; on the other hand there is every possible reason why their analyses of dramatic productions do lack the efficacy that should be lodged in them, yet without the critic losing his self-respect so far as his employer is concerned. To instance briefly: Nobody vitally interested in a theatrical enterprise wants it honestly dissected. When a play is gone over conscientiously and turned to a nicety upon the critic's spit, the actor—this may have reference to a male or a female star—is the first to complain if the result is unfavorable. Every actor who ever played a part



BELLE ARCHER, IN "A CONTENTED WOMAN."

imagines he or she is the greatest that ever happened. Your average actor is not burdened by a very extended vocabulary, the simplest of which sums up these words, the personal pronoun "I," and the adjectives "great" and "rotten." "Great" is generally used to qualify the pronoun "I," while "rotten" expresses his opinion of a rival. Some actors can go a little further than this, and oftentimes you find added to their rhetoric, hyperbolic figures of speech which, of course, always relate to themselves. So in view of all this the actor takes it as a personal affront if anything uncomplimentary is said about the play with which he happens to have cast his lot, and he is forevermore the sworn enemy of the hapless critic.

Next comes the manager of the show, who is really the brains of the institution. He realizes that anything said against his offering may mean a falling off in finances, so it is worse than rubbing a cat's fur the wrong way to offend his prophetic soul. He tells his troubles to the local manager and from this source raises another vigorous protest. The local manager being an advertiser—large or small—appeals to the soulless counting room of your paper and gradually the combined complaints reach "up-stairs." Now your editor may be the best fellow in the world, but he hates to buck against the business management. He may do so once or twice, but if the pressure goes over that limit he generally abdicates and says to you in a kindly way, "Give the show at Mr. Long's house a little the best of it next week."

Furthermore, as you are obliged to meet the local manager every day during the season and frequently go to him in quest of news, you do not like to find him always with a scowl upon his classic features.

But, alack and aday! Should you be a strong-willed critic, unmindful both of the manager's scowl and the blandishments of insidious advance agents, who carry bundles of paid press notices! There is another method by which the manager circumvents your determination to guide the suffering public aright. He sheds a few property tears while relating to the business manager or editor that you are prejudiced against him and are trying to knock his house.

From this it can be seen that the critic's lot is not a happy one, and while he may want to tell the truth, he proves that he is no more than human. However, in reviewing a play to my own satisfaction some of the following points are taken into consideration: I first acquaint myself with the story to be told and try to determine what the author intended to convey. After this I get the period and then the locale. Next in order comes a summing up of the characters and a brief mental review of what the people in the cast have done before.

When the action is once begun I note the scenic investiture and how the costumes conform to the period, the character and a proper regard for the eternal fitness of things. Having progressed thus far, I watch carefully the work of each individual member of the cast for delivery, intonation, grace, gesture, and above all, if the actor has an intelligent conception of what he is doing, from a logical standpoint and from the the author's point of view.

Nor does the work end here. The next thing to do is remark how the people work out the general picture and what is done to create tone and atmosphere.

Weighing all these things in the balance, it enables one, by the aid of experience and past study, to arrive at a verdict. As it is not possible for everyone to look at the world through the same eyes, so is it impossible for critics, public, actors and managers to agree on all things.

It is the province of the critic to guide the public and, peradventure, to lend some actor not wholly given over to vain-glory, a valuable bit of advice now and then; it is the aim of the actor and manager to sell the dear public a gold-brick or a bunch of green goods whenever they can, and the only reason the local manager is in the business is to make money out of the public, the actor and the actors' manager. So there you are!

* * *

JOHN DALY MURPHY.

Mr. John Daly Murphy was born in Dublin, Ireland. His father, who was a well-to-do broker, was anxious that he should take holy orders, and he was accordingly educated for the priesthood. This was not at all in harmony with the young man's desires, however, and he turned his attention to stage work. After some barnstorming experiences, he signed with "Jane" in 1893, and made his first appearance in Louisville, Kentucky, with that company. He next appeared in the title role in "Charley's Aunt," and after this he originated the part of the "Military Fop" in the English version of Souderman's "Die Ehre" when it was produced at the Standard Theatre in New York under the title of "Honor." He was then re-engaged for "Charley's Aunt" and appeared during the season at the old Hagan Theatre, now the Imperial. Immediately following this, he played a summer engagement with a stock company at Fairmount Park, Kansas City.

Last season Mr. Murphy was leading comedian in Frohman's "Never Again," and just before coming to St Louis to join the Columbia stock company, he played the comedy roles in Mr. Salisbury's Milwaukee organization.

Alan Dale describes Mr. Murphy as "A screamingly funny young man." He is ambitious and hard-working, and from present and past indications his efforts will be crowned with success.

ALBERTA GALLATIN.

Miss Alberta Gallatin, who is pictured among our stage beauties this month, is a talented young leading woman of position

Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, has won for her an enviable position as an American actress.

Miss Gallatin belongs to the Duse-Fiske



ALBERTA GALLATIN. (Photo by Stein.)

and culture whose prominent association and artistic schooling with such eminent artists as Mrs. Fiske, Richard Mansfield, Joseph Jefferson, and Daniel Frohman's

school of natural acting and one of the New York papers in speaking of her work last spring at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "Love Finds the Way," said: "Miss Galla-

tin is an actress who holds an audience even to the dropping of a hairpin.» Her metropolitan debut was made as Rosalind at the Madison Square Theatre, supported by a great company, including Otis Skinner, and she has since forged rapidly to the

is as fascinating as she is accomplished, and is the daughter of Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins whose name is still held in loving remembrance among the veterans of the Shanandoah Valley. She is very proud of her old Virginia aristocracy, and



JOHN DALY MURPHY.

front, until now she enjoys, after years of preparation, the distinction of being classed among the best. Mrs. Henry George writes of that occasion, saying: «Since the days of Adelaide Neilson I have not seen Shakespeare's lovely character better portrayed.» Miss Gallatin

has the sweet refined manners and and lady-like bearing that Southern girls of her social class possess and the stage welcomes. Miss Gallatin was a resident of St. Louis for several years before going on the stage, residing with her grandmother, Mrs. J. B. Bowlin, whose husband was minister to

Paraguay during Buchanan's administration. Miss Gallatin has been engaged to play «Ophelia» opposite Henry Miller's «Hamlet» for a spring tour.

* * *

ELOISE FRENCH.

The seed of success is born in each and

We herewith present the picture of Miss French, a successful exponent of hard work. Those who remember the crude amateur of five years ago, will find it hard to recognize in the finished actress of to-day, this Missouri girl.

Her first professional appearance was



ELOISE FRENCH

every soul, but only in the strong and tireless worker does the precious flower develop to shed its fragrance on the world. There is no profession which requires such hard, tedious, unremitting study as the stage.

made with Edmund Collier when she played the part of Charming in «Cleopatra.» The following season she joined the stock company at the Theatre Franciase in Montreal, where she created such roles as Kate Della-

field in "Men and Women," Mrs. Pisti in "The Charity Ball;" later Phylis Lee in the same play, the Arab Slave in "Morocco," the Sister in "Two Orphans," the Countess in "The Celebrated Case," Mrs. Dick Chetwyn in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and Evangeline in "All the Comforts of Home."

The following season she joined the Hopkin's company at the Grand Opera House in St. Louis, where she was given such parts as Emily in "In Mizzouri," Barbara in "Barbara," Lady Lossing in "Ambition," and Lady Chartist in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

This season she has been with Tim Murphy in "The Carpet Bagger," playing Lucy Linyard. Notwithstanding the success which came to her, with such a professional respect, Miss French confesses to a fondness for the part of Mercy in "Caprice," which was the first part of any note she essayed as an amateur. She is a charming girl and well worthy of a future in her chosen profession.

* * *

A POPULAR MANAGER.

Mr. Chas. P. Salisbury, an excellent portrait of whom appears in this issue, and who, with Mr. Frank R. Tate, manages the Columbia Theatre of St. Louis, which has been properly termed the "Home of Fashionable Vaudeville," and has already proven itself one of the most successful amusement enterprises in the West, has been interested in theatrical work for the past fifteen years. His first engagement was as advance agent for the Gilbert Comedy Company. His first house engagement was in 1885 as manager of the Grand Opera House at Oshkosh, Wis. Mr. Salisbury was subsequently connected in a responsible business capacity with the Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee, and in 1895 managed the Exposition Music Hall of that city. He was also joint partner with W. W. Freeman in the management of Freeman's Theatre, Cincinnati; and the following season became resident manager of the Grand Opera House in St. Louis. His success at this theatre attracted the attention of St. Louis capitalists who were about to erect a hand-

some play house. The new Columbia opened last season, when Mr. Salisbury was asked to assume the management.

Mr. Salisbury is known not only as a capable manager, but as a theatrical journalist whose literary efforts in behalf of the various enterprises with which he has been connected have in no small degree contributed to their respective successes. He has held a number of important positions in newspaper work, and between seasons, about three years ago he was connected with a leading New York daily paper in a responsible editorial position.

Mr. Salisbury is a man of genial manners and pleasing address and has a very large personal following.

* * *

"A CONTENTED WOMAN."

We have often heard of contented women, but 'ne'er saw one till now.' As is well known, Mrs. Caroline Miskel Hoyt starred for several seasons in "A Contented Woman," which was written by her husband. After her death, Miss Belle Archer, a very excellent picture of whom appears in this issue, essayed the role which the beautiful wife of the playwright had found so agreeable, and she is so well satisfied with the piece that she will continue to star in it next season.

Miss Archer, like Miss Martinot, seems to have discovered the fountain of youth; for the years roll by and leave on her no trace of their passing.

Miss Archer made her first appearance in "Pinafore," and was afterward associated with Joe Jefferson, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, E. H. Southern, Salvini and Nat Goodwin and then the "Contented Woman," which she says suits her better than anything in which she has yet appeared.

For two years Miss Archer was advance agent for Carrie Turner in "The Crust of Society," rather an unusual position for an actress of Miss Archer's undoubted ability, and, withal, rather a trying one.

Miss Archer is an expert horse-woman and an enthusiastic one, and most of her leisure time is spent in riding through the parks in the various cities which she visits.

THE LOCAL DRAMA.

The local theatre calendar offers but few attractions for the coming month, *i. e.* little in quantity, but the quality is quite up to the mark in every respect. The Century, the Olympic, and the Imperial have already closed their doors; the Grand Opera House will be dark early in May and the Columbia on May 21st.

The 6th of May will mark the closing of the 15 weeks season of the Grand Opera House.

The record has been a marvelous one of theatrical enterprise. From the time Manager Giffen took charge he inaugurated the policy of giving to his patrons, at popular prices, plays that had heretofore been seen only at high priced theatres. Such productions as "An Enemy to the King," "A Bachelor's Romance," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Nominee," "The Charity Ball," and "Carmen," were staged with every attention as to detail, and interpreted by a remarkably efficient stock company.

The management has had to cope with many obstacles. It began its presentation of high class productions at the beginning of the second half of the season; but even the luke-warm support given by the public to this new departure, did not deter the management from carrying out the lines that had been originally decided on: to give only the *best* in drama, comedy and farce.

The popular manager, Mr. Larry Giffen, promises the same high grade attractions for next season; and several members of the stock company will be retained.

The month of May will see many notable offerings in fashionable vaudeville at the Columbia Theatre. Many of the more notable acts which, by reason of their popularity, have been held in the East and in Europe, will become available for appearance in the West, and many of them will be seen in St. Louis for the first time. Among the notable engagements will be Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Vaudeville Company, which includes among its stars Josephine Gassman, possibly the greatest of all the female singers of negro songs; Kara, who is without a peer as a juggler; Waterbury

Brothers and Tenny in a musical comedy act; and a number of other high class specialties.

An event of particular interest in St. Louis will be the re-entry into vaudeville of Mellville and Stetson, who in private life are the wives respectively of Col. John D. Hopkins and Sam Gumpertz. These ladies return to the vaudeville stage after several years of private life, and are sure to repeat their former triumphs. They are already engaged for a European tour, beginning June 1st and continuing until 1900. They will be joined by their husbands at the Paris Exposition, where they will be "featured" among American vaudeville stars. Lizzie and Viny Daily, dancers; the Pantzer Brothers, the greatest head balancers and all around acrobats before the public, and Montgomery and Stone, the acknowledged premiers of blackface comedy, are among the other notable American performers booked.

A. European feature of more than passing interest is Mlle. Patti Armanti, the originator of smoke and sand pictures, and who, in spite of many imitators, still remains the leader in this unique line of work.

The season will close with the engagement for the week of May 21 of Hurtig & Semon's Own Vaudeville Company, which is made up almost exclusively of European novelties, all of them imported especially for the tour of this company, and many of them never before seen in America.

The Columbia's elaborate system of fans and cooling apparatus proved, last season, their capacity for keeping the house comfortable even in the warmest weather, and despite the torrid weather that May may have in store for us, the Columbia can be depended upon as a place where one can keep cool as well as be excellently entertained.

STAGE NOTES.

Another season of theatricals has about drawn to a close and the time for light opera, summer gardens, etc., is once more near at hand.

Unquestionably, the play of the season,

the success of the year, judged from whatever standpoint you choose, is "Cyrano de Bergerac;" and possibly it may be said, it is the best play of the last decade. "The Little Minister," "The Christian," "The Great Ruby," "Zaza," "Magda," "The Ter-magant," and "The Hon. John Grigsby," may also be classed among the conspicuous successes of the season. Though these may all be termed successes, we think it likely that there is not one among the number possessing sufficient intrinsic merit to stand the test of time, unless it may be the play first mentioned.

Among the new plays of the season, it is to be regretted, the *risque* has prevailed to an alarming extent. Let us hope that next season the managers will see fit to give us better, cleaner, healthier bills.

* * *

The most ardent admirers of Minnie Mad-dern Fiske think that she has committed an error of judgment in essaying the part of Magda in Souderman's play. Although the character in itself affords brilliant opportunities — it is nerve-taxing and the strain is commencing to tell on Mrs. Fiske.

The notable feature of her acting is intellectual acuteness rather than comprehension of human emotion, and it is doubtful whether a departure from her original line will enhance her abilities.

* * *

Chauncy Olcott, the foremost representative in the line of romantic Irish drama, promises to have a rival in one Mr. Andrew Mack who began with Pete Daly and is making gigantic strides in sympathetic roles. His voice is heard to advantage in his newest play, "The Ragged Earl."

* * *

As Lady Garnett in "The Great Ruby," Ada Rehan is said to be a strong drawing card for Mr. Daly. The performance is one of the most enjoyable that Miss Rehan has recently offered. She is supported by a strong cast, and there are several striking scenes enacted within the six act piece.

Louise Leslie Carter acknowledges that she owes her success to David Belasco who, with untiring energy, worked upon a crude mass of raw material, to develop an actress. "There is not a step of the way that he has not shown me just what to do," she says. She now has an assured position, notwithstanding the fact that she had nothing to boom her embryonic efforts but the echoes of a sensational divorce case. Undoubtedly she would never have made such an unequalled success had it not been for Mr. Belasco's interest in her behalf.

* * *

Mr. E. H. Southern is said to have achieved his greatest glory in his latest Dumas creation, "The King's Musketeer" — which is a play of many long speeches for the star — quite different in this respect from "Lady Ursula," his last season's success, where he shared the triumphs with his wife, who was almost the "whole show."

It seems that no matter what Mr. Southern presents, his success is assured in advance, for he has come to be quite a fad in the East; and the dulcet tones of his voice and his graceful movements on the stage have secured for him a large feminine following everywhere.

* * *

Nathan Hale is the only characteristically American drama of the season's successes; and Miss Maxine Elliott seems to have scored a bigger hit even than her husband but she is deserving of all the praise accorded her, for her role entails no end of hard work, and parts of it are peculiarly trying. One of the cleverest bits of Mr. Fitch's drama is Angelica Knowlton, Miss Gertrude Elliott, Mrs. Goodwin's sister, assuming the character, and in which she gives decided promise for the future.

Mr. Goodwin will play in another of Clyde Fitch's productions next year, "The Cowboy and the Lady."

Should he act in London during the summer, it is likely he will revive "An American Citizen," fearing, it is said, to present the Red Coats of "Hale" to their posterity

FROM THE CLAWS OF THE BEAR.

By NORMAN H. CROWELL.

I LOST all track of time. Day and night I knew not—all was night, except for the dim twinkling of the tapers that occasionally revealed the whereabouts of my fellow laborers.

The great passion of hate—the fearful, gnawing sensation of heartsickness—the lust for escape—that had filled my breast for many weeks, perhaps months, had been succeeded by a steadier feeling—resignation. No more was I a unit in the busy world above—ah, could I but forget it! Chained to my barrow, I thought of nothing save the blank walls that shut me in—or of the scanty food that was tossed to me by the guard.

My hair and beard, long unkempt, became matted into a clammy, noisome consistency that added to my hopelessness, and little cheer was there to be found in the ghastly, pleading pallor that I often thought I could detect through the grime that besmirched the faces of my companions. Long association with these silent, hungry, staring men had made a beast of me. I forgot hope—forgot everything but the loathsome barrow chained to my ankle, which I must regularly fill or—I knew the consequences. Once during my stay a poor wretch failed to have his barrow filled when the car arrived, and—it was awful. The remembrance of it put new strength into my sinews, and I strove manfully with my task.

Once, in a fit of fancy, I carved my name on the rough wall that towered into the darkness above me. A week later I found myself gazing at the rude letters, trying to solve the mystery of their origin. Suddenly—all too suddenly—it came back to me, and, with a sickening sensation of horror, I slunk into my pit and attacked my work fiercely to drive away the fearful doubts that raged in my brain.

I spoke to no one. I was known as "The Hermit" among that assembly of hermits. While my companions snatched moments to spend in cheerless whisperings, I cowered, like a stricken cur, in my burrow.

At intervals a stranger came among us. One of these worked in the gallery

next to mine. I resisted his offers at conversation, and watched—while his beard grew gray and stringy—his face furrowed—his hands became like talons, and—he resembled myself. This man had not lost his desire for escape, and ever and anon approached me on the subject, but I was obdurate. Obdurate? As I look back at it, I wonder whether it was the stubbornness of a reasonable man or the abandon of lunacy. God knows my punishment was too severe for any crime committed by man, and—oh, the torture of it—I was innocent.

One day I found a strange piece of metal. Not a large piece but heavy—oh, so heavy. Its unusual weight attracted my attention, but I was about to toss it into the barrow to be hoisted with the coal when a hand was laid on my shoulder and I turned to gaze into the face of my fellow-laborer. He was strangely agitated.

"What is that, friend?" he cried hoarsely. For a moment I was angered, and at the look on my face the man started back in fear. Then, recovering myself, I answered:

"I do not know."

The man's eyes gleamed out beneath his shaggy brows as he inspected the metal. Then he turned his head and looked full into my eyes as he said:

"Do you wish to escape?"

The vast improbability of success in any attempt at escape rushed through my brain and I slowly shook my head. Instantly the wretched fellow dropped to his knees among the coal and begged of me—prayed, entreated that I assist him to escape. His pathetic accents brought a strange sensation of pity to my hardened heart. As I stared at my companion's frenzied face and listened to his agonized pleading, the old feeling—the passion that had slumbered so many days—gradually awakened and my nostrils quivered as I began to grasp my situation more clearly.

Escape! Ah, some one has said "Revenge is sweet", but he was never chained to a barrow in the bowels of the earth. At that supreme moment when realization

began to dawn upon me, the one sweetness—the single essence of life, joy happiness—all—was Escape. But how? I recalled once how a fellow—prisoner attempted it and his dead body was dragged before our eyes, while we that were left were compelled to do double stint for weeks. I remembered again how, upon a young officer's complaint, we had been flogged one by one, because a man had dared to peer up the dark shaft at the single spot of blessed sunlight far above I—but I dare not recall more or my newfound courage might weaken. The man had ceased speaking and lay groaning in the dust at my feet. I was apprehensive lest a *gendarme* happen along and discover him there, and taking him roughly by the shoulder I jerked him to his feet.

"Hope, I will help you," I whispered in his ear. At the words the fellow started—then he grasped my hand while great tears swelled to his eyes and left grey furrows down his cheeks. Then trundling his barrow after him, he disappeared around a massive pillar and I heard his bar plunging into the hard, unyielding coal as he hastened to make up his stint. It was perhaps not more than two hours before my companion reentered my gallery.

"What is your name?" was his first question. I pointed it out to him where I had carved it on the wall.

"Good. We're both Americans," he exclaimed.

I inquired his name, which he told me was Brown, and was asking further questions when the well-known tread of the guard greeted our ears and my friend made haste to his den, which he reached none too soon, for at the moment the heavy shod feet strode past.

I was about to resume work when, in reaching for my bar, my hand lit on a strange piece of metal. I picked it up, brushed it carefully with my sleeve and squeezed it into a crevice in the wall. As I worked, my mind, so long inactive, rioted in plans of escape and my temples throbbed and burned. It was maddening in my weakened condition—but somehow—it seemed as though my life depended on it—I must think.

At our next meeting I took down the

piece of metal and called Brown's attention to it. He had evidently forgotten about it, for a gleam of recognition entered his face as he said, "Ah, yes. Platinum—Platinum. We're rich men."

"Indeed," I answered, "what benefit is riches in a place like this!" He glanced around and shuddered at the thought. But life was sweet to Brown and he came at once to the subject nearest his heart.

"Have you a plan of escape!"

"Yes. Several," I answered.

"What are they?" I enumerated my plans in detail, and, judging by the expression upon my companion's face, met with his disapproval.

"Now, what do you suggest?" I asked, when I had concluded.

"I have thought of a plan, but it promises to involve unusual risk of detection. In the long run, however, I think the chances are good. We must first release ourselves from these accursed barrows. That done we can safely undertake the next step. Brown looked at me in a manner that said plainer than words, "the rest later on." Then he slunk away.

Unusual luck attended my efforts, and scarce two days elapsed ere I found that I could free myself from my iron fetters. The ring about my ankle had been worn to a shaving's thickness at one spot by my long imprisonment, and to complete the break was but a few hour's work. I reported my progress to Brown who informed me that he had succeeded in disengaging his chain from the barrow but could not remove it from his ankle. By holding the free end in his hand, however, he could make fair progress. Our spirits rose as we worked but for fear that our companionship might give grounds for suspicion we arranged our intervals of conversation at widely separated hours.

The days wore on. One day a young officer strolled through the mine. By his curious glances here and there I judged this must be his first visit to our inhuman prison. In his hand he carried a pair of snow-glasses which he had temporarily removed from his nose the better to view the dimly-lighted vaults below.

Of a sudden a wild figure, with a clanking chain attached to its ankle, darted out of a dark entrance and snatched the glasses from the officer's hand. The

officer, with a frightened shriek, rushed headlong in the direction of the shaft. Brown—for it was he, and my heart sank as I recognized him—stole into his gallery and I heard the clank of his chain as he attached it to the barrow. My heart stood still as the tramp of the *gendarmes* reached my ear.

For some unaccountable reason the men passed by our pits and went deeper into the mine. After a long period they came back, cursing in their gruff tongue at the strange happening and their bad luck in not apprehending the culprit. When they had disappeared Brown stole into my pit and exhibited the glasses. A triumphant gleam lit up his face as he said:

"Got them, old fellow. We'll need them up above," and he pointed a bony arm toward the shaft. I comprehended dimly what Brown had in mind but said little. Time dragged, and I think I began to lapse into my old condition of forgetfulness. Ideas of escape—even the fact of my freedom from the chain—began to seem hazy and fantastical to me. But one day something happened that brought them all back with a suddenness that sent my feeble blood tingling through my veins and roused me to a delirium of hope. Two priests entered the mine. As they walked past my gallery I stole out to catch, if possible, a glimpse of their faces. Brown was already at the entrance of his pit, and at sight of me he rushed up and threw his arms about my shoulders. He trembled with the excitement under which he was laboring.

"Escape—escape, Garrison. NOW!"

"How?" I gasped. He extended his hand toward the disappearing pair. Then began to tear the rags from his body. I did the same. I understood.

I can scarcely tell how the deed was done—we were as fiends in our assault. When it was over, Brown and myself in priests' garments were leisurely strolling in the direction of the hoisting-place. We drew the cowls as far over our faces as we deemed expedient, and approached the shaft. At sight of us a man bawled loudly up the shaft, and an instant later a car came down, into which we, without a moment's hesitation, stepped.

Up—up, we went, while our hearts beat till I fancied I could detect an answering echo from the narrow walls of the shaft. Brown adjusted the darkened glasses to his eyes, and indeed it was timely, for the rapidly increasing light caused mine to smart and burn most uncomfortably.

After what seemed an age the car came to a sudden halt, the door swung open, and, with my arm in that of my companion, we stepped out into the free air of Heaven. Instinctively I began to inhale a deep breath, but was checked by a sudden pressure of my friend's arm. With remarkable self-possession Brown walked past the group of hoisters and made off in the direction of a large white building to the right. I could feel the muscles of his arm quiver and grow rigid as his eyes took in the details of our surroundings. As for myself, I kept my eyes partially, if not entirely, closed on account of the intense light.

Presently we entered a long, low building—which proved to be a stable of some sort. Here a trough of water slaked our thirst and afforded us a hasty toilet—the sleek sides of a Cossack's pony serving in lieu of a towel. Brown here discarded his priestly garments for a rough suit of peasant's dress that hung in the building. Here, also, I transferred the piece of platinum, which I had not forgotten in our hasty flight, to Brown, as its weight was beginning to tell on me in my enfeebled condition.

Darkness came on rapidly, and with it increased hope. At length we set out and walked—whither we knew not—but with one end in view—to leave that hated spot behind us. All night we pressed on until we reached the outskirts of a forest. We entered this and skirted its borders during the next day. By this time, Brown having lent me the glasses from time to time, my eyes had become partially accustomed to the light and our progress was encouraging, despite the chain that dangled from the gallant Browns ankle.

Late the following night we sighted a light. Brown led the way to it, and we reached a peasant's hut. Brown rapped. A rough-looking fellow opened the door and demanded our business.

My companion, with a nerve and assurance that commanded respect even from our rude host, explained rapidly

that we were American citizens escaping from the mines, and finished by saying that we must have help. The man's face assumed a serious look as he told us of the penalty should we be discovered in his house. Brown reached into the depths of a capacious pocket and brought forth the piece of metal. At sight of it the peasant's eyes opened wide, and he leaned forward eagerly to inspect it.

"Help us and we will give you this," said Brown."

Avarice proved stronger than fear, and it was not long before we were partaking ravenously of the repast set before us. Brown, however, drew me away from the board while my stomach craved lustily for food and bade me abstain from the fatal vice of over-eating.

The peasant brought three horses to the door, and we mounted and set off. We travelled many miles, and, unused as

we were to such an experience, the journey was painful.

Early next morning we arrived at a house at the farther edge of the forest. Here we secured a new suit of clothes apiece and a bath that put us in a reasonably presentable condition. The peasant was anxious to put back, but we persuaded him to accompany us that day. At nightfall we reached a trading-post. At this place we fell in with an American herder, driving bullocks southward to the steppes. We dismissed the peasant, who grinned broadly as Brown handed him the piece of platinum, and joined the herder.

In due time we reached the coast, where we boarded a steamer for New York.

My name is probably still on the wall in that lonely passage where I spent so many unhappy days.

THE DESERT.

Oh! Land bewitched, what great magician's wand
Has thus placed thee in magic bond,
That blisters and scars,
And with its mystic-woven spell,
Sunshine of heaven and heat of hell,
Has bound thee for a thousand years;
And turned the inhabitants of thy fair domain,
Till, when, in coming time they wake again
Into things that creep and crawl,
Things that bite and jump and spring,
Things that strike with venom'd sting,
And made them guardians over all;
Made the burning hiss
Of the sun rays kiss
To quiver the earth in waves of heat;
Made the Tarantula to cunningly toil,
And the basking Rattler to quickly coil
At the sound of coming feet;
Made the Horned Toad and the Scorpion
To blend with the ground they crouch upon;
And, remorseless as a funeral pall,
The pitiless sun, with its fiery breath,
To breathe o'er all a living death
And hold all things in thrall;
And made the lean Cacti to stand
Sentinels to thy charmed land!

—G. S. P

MARCELLA.

IN the late hours of a summer afternoon, a young man passed slowly along the Calle Del Ray in old Havana. Now and then his eyes turned toward a certain house at the end of the street, and the nearer he approached it the more hesitating became his steps. When quite close he stopped, seeming uncertain as to his next move. But at the sound of weeping, which came from the interior, his attitude changed. In a moment he had crossed the street and entered the house.

"Good evening, Senora Basilio. Good evening, Senorita," he said in greeting, and turned somewhat wistfully toward the younger of the two ladies. A look of anger and scorn flashed at him from out her dark eyes.

"Mariano Salva, is it thus you prove yourself a man of honor?" she questioned. His expressive face colored with annoyance. He drew himself up to his full height and answered with quiet dignity: "Senorita, when I gave you my word of honor to leave you unmolested by the unwanted demonstrations of my love, I did not promise to keep aloof in the hour of your sorrow. My intrusion must be excused on the pure grounds of friendly sympathy. Have I explained myself to your satisfaction?"

The girl turned away with a silent gesture and a half-suppressed sob.

"Do not scruple yourself about your welcome, Senor," said the older woman in her gentle way. "Friends are few in these sorrowful times, therefore, they are doubly valued. Stay and be seated, although, I fear you will find us but poor entertainers to-night."

The visitor was completely in sympathy with the mood of the two ladies, and though his gentle words succeeded in partially quieting Senora.

"My son, my only son," she wailed softly. "That he has ended so ingloriously. But, alas! it was well deserved."

"Mother, how can you say that?" interposed her daughter hotly, though her voice was choked with tears. "How can you calmly say that Jose Basilio deserved the

death of a spy?" Under that cruel word the Senora broke down anew.

"Senorita, Marcella," began Mariano, rising, "spare the Senora such needless agony as your words must bring her. As for Jose"—he came closer and lowered his voice that the weeping women might not hear all that he said—"take care to whom you speak his praises. True, he was my comrade. But—there is no use denying the facts, Senorita, Jose knew well the consequences of his conspiracy with the enemies of the Spanish government. It was a daring thing for a Cuban volunteer to undertake. We can only regret—"

"Regret!" exclaimed Marcella scornfully. "A tame word. No, no! Revenge upon his murderers—Oh! that I were a man."

Her wild grief cut into his heart. Ah! he had loved her so long and so well.

"Be comforted, Marcella."

But she did not heed him. Forgetting all but that her heart was wounded and sore, he possessed himself of one of her hands and passed his palm over her hair with a soft caress.

"Do not weep so, Marcella," he implored. "God knows, I would give my life for thee."

She lifted her head as if under a sudden inspiration. Her gaze burned with a strange intensity. "And do you love me still?"

"Always and ever, Marcella."

"Upon one condition, then, I will be yours."

Joyful expectancy lit up his every feature. "And that condition?"

"Think well before you answer. Upon the day you become the avenger of my brother's death I will be your wife."

A cry burst from Senora. "Marcella, child—no, no! Would you have him go to his certain death?"

"Let him prove his love. Words are easily spoken."

"You will not listen to her, Senor Salva. You will not endanger your life for a woman's whim," entreated the mother.

Then, for the space of a few seconds the

silence remained unbroken. The eyes of both women were intent upon the man. Evidently the struggle within him was severe; for his head was bent, his face pale, his lips set — a complete contrast to his appearance a moment since.

«And have you nothing to say, Mariano?»

When he looked at the eager questioner it was with a glance so proud and clear that it startled her.

«It shall be done, Senora.»

And all the protestations of the Senora did not move him.

Still, there was that in his manner which perplexed Marcella. «You must avail yourself of all your well-known sagacity, Mariano,» she suggested after an awkward pause. «You see, it is, of course, of the utmost importance to our bargain that no harm come to you.»

«It is,» he returned. For the second time she was at a loss to interpret his conduct.

She leaned toward him, her voice almost a whisper as she said: «And listen, Mariano; it must — be — Blanco, the Captain-General.»

«Well said, it must be Blanco,» he answered low, «and afterwards—» She was conscious of a disappointment in her heart, but knew not from whence it came. However, she did not take time to analyze her feelings. Her one thought was now of her brother.

She went into the next room and returned immediately with a rifle in her hand. «This was my brother's, Mariano. You will take it. None other is worth the deed.»

«It is well. I will return for it in a moment. Excuse me till then. The sun will be down in an hour.»

A strange significance lurked in his last sentence which she caught on the instant. For immediately after sunset in Havana, darkness comes with a startling suddenness. Her large, questioning eyes followed him, and he paused, saying: «What must be done may as well be done — to-day,» and disappeared.

Marcella scarcely heard the reproaches of her mother, so intent was she upon her bitter meditation. Even Mariano was for-

gotten for the moment. It was only Jose, her lost and dearly loved brother, who dwelt in her thoughts.

It might have been ten minutes before Salva appeared again, pale and determined. He spoke fast and low.

«The Captain-General has been to the harbor without an escort. He is even now on his way to the palace. Therefore — time is precious. In half an hour the sun will be set.»

«You calculate finely, Mariano. Your shot will fall immediately before sunset and — then — the darkness will swallow you,» she whispered.

In vain were the Senora's entreaties. With a gentle tenderness he led her back to the sofa. «Do not hold yourself responsible for this in any way, Senora, — nor anyone else. It is entirely my own will which decides the matter.»

Marcella stood near the door as he passed, and through some unaccountable impulse she held out her hand to him. He grasped it with a sudden fierceness, but into the fire of his eyes there stole a look which left her pale and trembling after he was gone.

«Mother,» she whispered, her eyes wide and dark as night, «what —»

Here she broke off and went into the adjoining room, a feverish haste in all her movements. When she returned her whole form was enveloped in a sort of dark tunic.

«Do not be anxious, mother. I will be back soon,» she said hurriedly.

«In the name of heaven what has come over you?» cried the Senora, but Marcella had already disappeared.

Rapidly she walked along until she reached the corner of the Calle Del Ray. Here she stood irresolute. The sun was quite low, and the streets were somewhat deserted. Most of the houses also were empty, the inhabitants having left the capital. Marcella hurried on.

Suddenly, upon turning another corner, she saw but a single man a few steps ahead. It was Salva. Just then he stopped; and, lest he should discover her, Marcella retreated into an open door, where she could observe his movements unseen.

Her ear caught the sound of horse's hoofs in the distance. At the same time she saw Mariano also disappear within the nearest doorway. Not a soul remained in the street. The rider meanwhile was approaching. Marcella covered her face with her hands and listened to the horse's feet coming nearer—nearer, and a tremor ran through her frame. «It is Blanco, and yonder — Moriano is — waiting,» was the one clear thought that ran through her mind. How it all to end? With Moro Castle or a wedding-day? And her feverish brain pictured Mariano amid the terrible night and solitude of the dungeon. From its depths his eyes seem to flash at her with an ominous fire and a look — not of accusation — but of scorn and mockery.

She shuddered. She lifted her eyes and took a step forward, only to fall back against the wall in terrified silence. She stared wildly at the horseman directly opposite her. She wanted to cry out, to move — rush at the rider and stop him in his path; but her tongue failed her, and her feet refused to go.

The Captain-General rode on in quiet unconcern. His brow was thoughtful. His eyes were bent upon the ground. Once he looked up and, as if aware of the lateness of the hour, gently urged his horse to a faster pace.

«Now he has passed him,» flashed through Marcella's mind. She ventured out of her hiding-place to keep Mariano in view. She saw him leaning against the doorpost not far away, his eyes turned upon Blanco a few steps past him.

With heart wildly beating she waited for Salva's next move in an agony of suspense. Her eyes dilated as she saw him raise his gun. His right hand — how she watched

it — seemed to become fixed at a certain point. Now — now!

Like a noiseless whirlwind she rushed down to the silent man. With all her force she caught his arm — a shot — an outcry — the galloping of horses feet — and two dark figures fled on into the blackness of night; for the sun was set. Marcella gasped. Her body trembled violently. But for Mariano's arm she would have sunk to the ground, and he stopped, holding her close. She felt the wild throbbing of his heart against her own, and, in a reaction of feeling, she buried her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. Perhaps it was his consciousness of possible danger which prompted him to press her head close to him that her sobs might be smothered.

«Mariano, Mariano, I am so glad,» she whispered.

«Because the charge went into the air?» he whispered back. «And what about your vengeance?»

«I do not want it, Mariano, because — because I love you. I never knew it until — Do you forgive me even if I have played with your very life?» Will you never look at me — like — that — and love me still?»

Even in the darkness he could discern the anguish in her hot gaze. «Marcella, yes,» he assured her. «I love you even more since you have risked your own life upon such an errand. As for vengeance—»

«Forget it, Mariano.» Two soft arms stole around his neck, and in his new-found happiness he kissed her with all the passion of his love. Around them there was darkness and silence and the peace after past danger. «Come away,» she said. And with her hand fast in his, he led her away.

SUCCESS.

Fame rests upon the mountaintop of Time—
He only wins who for the summit tries.
Oblivion in the pleasant valley lies—
He merits not success who fears to climb.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The recent war with Spain has brought us face to face with new conditions and new responsibilities. The tenets which guided the Ship of State through heavy seas and troublous times for our fathers, cannot be relied on in our present situation. Possibly it can be said with some truth, "Another such victory and we are undone." We can no longer harp on the Monroe Doctrine, for we have ourselves inaugurated a colonial system in the far East. Whether we like it or not, the acquisition of this territory is but a natural outcome of the war, and it is now, not a question as to whether we shall enter upon a colonial policy, but what shall we do with our colonies now that we have them, and how shall we govern them so as to result in the greatest good to them and ourselves. Unquestionably England is and must be our colonial model. England has been and is the most successful nation on the globe, both in settling colonies by men of her own race, and in governing those inhabited by inferior races. It is possible that at some time in the future, plans may be devised for the government of colonies, which will be an improvement on those which England has found so successful; but at present, the English system is the only one which has proven successful, and hence is the only one which we can safely emulate. The conditions existing in England are certainly quite different from those in the United States, but the problems arising from the colonies themselves are practically the same, in both cases. At any rate, we are now on rather uncertain ground, and we cannot do better than adopt the English colonial policy, at least in its essential points.

* * *

"The Gospel of Relaxation" is the good gospel, according to William James, preached

in the April *Scribner's*. It developed no new doctrine, but the presentation is new and helpful. It will do at least some good in enabling us Americans to see ourselves as we ought, with our strained, eager, half-mad countenances, our fidgety ways and our bottled lightning temperament. The lecture Professor James gives us takes for its text the Lange-James theory of the emotions which, put in everyday language, is that the mere giving way to tears, for example, or to the outward expression of an anger fit, will result for the moment in making the inner grief or anger more acutely felt. The point of the lecture is that we should pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not care so much for what we feel. By regulating the action, which is under direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling which is not. This everyday philosophy is proof against "bad days," hours of depression, moments of gloom. Put this philosophy into practice and we would soon learn the secret of at least a negatively happy life, which is a thousandfold better than the most splendid positively unhappy life. We are children in giving way to despondency or grief. After the cloud is past, how idle seems our repining! In the full enjoyment of the spring sunshine, it is hard to even remember why the world looked so forlorn an hour ago when the sun was under a cloud. At times we think we are very mature and have passed on far, very far, beyond the unwisdom of our childhood; but in fact, we are scarcely less unphilosophical than a little boy who, the other day, stopped short on the last end of a cry, and in boken tones said: "Ma, what was I crying about?"

* * *

American readers of Old World fiction are

frequently lost in wonder at the brutal man-
ishness of men's novels—in our own time
as in the days of Fielding and Smollett.
Take the newly discovered Hungarian gen-
ius as a bad example. There is nothing in
Voltaire's «Candida» more brutally cynical
than this, from Maurus Jokai's «A Hun-
garian Nabob,» «A mere chimera, which is
no good to anybody while they have it, and
only becomes profitable when it is parted
with—a woman's virtue.» To comprehend
this brutal mannishness we must constantly
bear in mind, as Howells says, that the
European notion of a novel is «something
fit only for age and experience, and for men
rather than women.»

* * *

The Oxford professor of poetry measures
a poem by a rule of his own making. Prof-
essor Corthoupe's test is whether a poem
does or does not leave upon the mind the
impression that «if Chaucer, or Shakes-
peare, or Milton, or Tennyson had been deal-
ing with the same subject, they would have
conceived it in the same spirit.» Will the
professor try measuring Kipling by his rule?
Is there nothing new under the sun?

* * *

Eighty novels a day! That was the out-
put of the English speaking people in 1898.
Is it any wonder so many good novels die
along with the poor ones, and make no sign?

* * *

Now that Kipling has come out from the
Valley of the Shadow of Death, the world
will watch for the future development of
the dream of his desire. Before his recent
illness, and the great heart loss to which
he awoke, he had strayed in «bitter paths,»
and from a full heart had sung of «the
depth,» as well as «the dream,» of his desire,
and in the spirit of the Man of Sorrows had
uttered these humble words of prayer:

It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.
Take not that vision from my ken;
Oh, whatso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need.»

In such a prayerful, helpful spirit before
his latest affliction and his great sorrow and

loss, and with the profound sympathy of
his fellow-men, strangers as well as friends,
all over the world, now well known to him,
what must now be the depth and dream of
his desire?

* * *

A rumor is again current that the Queen
is to abdicate in favor of her son, Albert
Edward, the Prince of Wales.

* * *

On another page in this issue of the MID-
LAND appears an article on the St. Louis
World's Fair. Since this article was writ-
ten, a large and enthusiastic mass meeting
was held at the Music Hall in St. Louis.
About three hundred prominent business
men occupied seats on the stage and the
Vast Auditorium was filled with men from
every walk and condition in life. After
stirring and eloquent speeches by Ex-Gover-
nor Francis, Ex-Governor Stone, Mayor
Ziegenhein, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Lehman and
others, the various committees were heard
from, and those present were given an op-
portunity of subscribing for stock. The
responses were prompt and generous, so
much so that about four and one-half mil-
lion dollars has been actually subscribed.
This makes the Centennial Celebration of
the Louisiana Purchase an assured fact, and
the St. Louis World's Fair will unquestion-
ably be the biggest and best World's Fair
ever held at any time in any part of the
world.

* * *

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Virginia Donaghe McClurg has just had
published a very unique and artistic little
booklet of verse, «A Colorado Wreath,»
which is devoted to descriptions of the Colo-
rado flowers, among them being the Pike's
Peak forget-me-not, the anemone, the col-
umbine, (the state flower), and others. Miss
McClurg is a native of Colorado Springs.

* * *

Frederick A. Ober has produced a valu-
able book, «Puerto Rico and its Resources,»
(D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.) The author de-
scribes its geologic and climatic conditions,
the people and their customs, and advo-
cates the acquisition of the island, as in

every way advantageous. Mr. Ober's treatise is recommended as an able and instructive presentation of the characteristics, resources and possibilities of Puerto Rico.

* * *

Mr. Howell's find in Frank Norris' «McTeague» and San Francisco story, «Built on Zolaesque Lines» both a good and a bad example of expansion in American fiction. It lacks nothing but beauty to make it a true picture of life.

* * *

The great success of Mr. Major's romantic novel, «When Knighthood Was in Flower» is the talk of the day. A Shelbyville, Indiana, lawyer, Charles Major by name, a few years ago wrote a novel as a diversion, and, looking upon the completed work long afterward, pronounced it good. He tried it on a few of his friends and their response was satisfactory. He sent the manuscript to the *Harper's*, and in due time it was returned with thanks. He made a trip to Indianapolis and laid it at the feet of the Bowen-Merrill Company. It found acceptance with the Westerners. But times were dull; and when they began to improve the War with Spain came on. To shorten the story, «When Knighthood was in Flower» was in type a whole year before the shrewd publishers put it upon the market. It took. It long since entered upon its sixteenth edition, and more than fifty thousand copies of it have been sold. Mr. Major, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous.

* * *

Miss Harraden has thought better of it and changed the title of her forthcoming novel from «I, Too, Have Come Through Wintry Terrors» to «The Fowler.»

* * *

Hall Caine at Douglas a few weeks ago, at a banquet tendered him by his fellow-Manxmen, told an interesting story of his first impulse to write. In a bugalow, on the Isle of Thanet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti lay dying for want of sleep. To relieve the tedium of the long wakeful nights, he told the slowly dying man stories of life on the

Isle of Man. Rossetti was charmed with the picture of a little nation standing apart, with its own race, its own laws, government and customs. «Why not write all this?» asked the artist-poet. The world knows the sequel to the story.

* * *

When Tennyson was thirty-five, Gladstone wrote Peel that the young man, «though a true and even a great poet, can hardly become a popular, and is much more likely to be a starving one.

* * *

The latest middle Western unknown to come to the front is Dr. G. Walter Barr, of Keokuk. Dr. Barr's clever story in the February *McClure's*, entitled, «In The Third House» is to be followed by «A Woman Who Hesitated» and «In The Last Ditch.» All are stories of American political life.

* * *

Love-letters is the theme of Mr. L. F. Austin's «Note Book» in the *Illustrated London News* of March 18. Mr. Watson, under the inspiration of the inimitable Browning love-letters, proposes that «the art of graceful and persuasive address on paper be included in an elementary education.» He recommends R. B. to amateur love-letter writers as one who will repay study. The circumstance that Robert's lady love, Elizabeth, was 37 and wore impossible ringlets should not be considered by the reader. Hanging is too good, he thinks, for people who reason that extreme youth and an accepted type of beauty are alone entitled to write and receive love-letters.

* * *

Maurice Maeterlinck, a Belgian Dramatist, has given to the world a most novel conception in the form of a very curious book, «Wisdom and Destiny» for which «Wisdom versus Destiny» would have been a better title. The theme is sempiternal: old as the Stoics, new as the Christian Scientists. The work has been translated by Alfred Sutro, and the American edition issued by Harper and Brothers.

Henry Norman has decided to forsake the fields of journalism for other fields—of a greener nature—those of a New Hampshire farm. We regret to learn of his intended move to the country—as he will undoubtedly drop the pen for the plow.

* * *

Mr. Geo. Kennan, who went to Cuba as war correspondent of the *Outlook* and volunteer agent of the Red Cross, has recently contributed "Campaigning in Cuba," to the voluminous literature of the Spanish-American War. It is said to be a work of real merit, and he not only depicts military operations with really truthful delineations, but describes the wonderful good of the Red Cross Society. His observations are full of interest.

* * *

Elizabeth Robbins' latest novel, "The Open Question," is attracting much attention. It has only appeared in Harper's Magazine in this country, although it was first published in London in book form. The writer is an American actress, who has written over the nom-de-plume C. E. Raimond. "George Mandeville's Husband," "Below the Salt," and "The New Moon" are products of her pen.

* * *

Hamilton Wright Mabie has just completed the eighth book of the series of "Essays on Work and Culture," which is said to have the same placid, easy style of the foregoing volumes, being too "faulstily faultless" to startle one with anything—even originality.

* * *

The various papers which George Henry Lewis contributed, under the title of "Principles of Success in Literature," to the *Fortnightly Review*, have been rescued and reissued in book form with an introduction and notes by T. Sharper Knowlson. Persons who appreciate the seriousness and value of sound literary work will appreciate the distinct service the publisher has rendered.

* * *

Mr. Dillman, who has recently published a collection of verses, "Across the Wheat"

has emulated and imitated the "Hoosier Poet," so perfect is the dialect twang. Mr. Dillman's field is well worthy of cultivation, and we would urge him to bend his energies in this direction rather than pursue the methods of even James Whitcomb Riley—although worthy of emulation. Imitation is servile, Pope tells us, and Mr. Dillman has resources within himself.

* * *

Mary Antin, the clever little Boston Jewess discovered by Mr. Zangwill, is attracting much local attention. Although extremely poor, her parents have managed to send her to school, and though four years ago, she could speak nothing but Yiddish, to-day she is well up with the students of her age in the Boston Latin School.

* * *

The Landor of the "Letters," just published by Messrs. Lippincott, is not a Savage Landor at all, but a gentle, genial Landor, who writes pretty sentiments to a young girl. These "Letters" cover a long period, from 1838-63—leaving Landor an old man, in his eighty-ninth year, with eye-sight and hearing going and two front teeth gone. The editor of "Letters," Mr. Stephen Wheeler, says that there is a touch of caricature in this portrait sketch of Landor.

* * *

Mr. Watts-Dunton kept the manuscript of his popular novel, "Aylwin," twenty years before publishing it. This conservative policy is not to be recommended. If generally adopted, it would deprive the world of many a delightful product of youthful indiscretion.

* * *

MAGAZINES;

The article on "The Resurrection," which *The Living Age* for March 18 reprints from the *Contemporary Review* is a thoughtful and noble study of the evolution of religion, which is peculiarly appropriate to the closing days of Lent.

* * *

St. George Mivart's discussion of "The New Psychology," which is the leading article in *The Living Age* for March 25, aims

to show that there really is nothing in the new psychology which is newer than Aristotle.

* * *

The April *Lippincott's* contains a most interesting article on the fate of the thirty-five men who voted Andrew Johnson «guilty.»

* * *

Cleveland Moffett has no equal, so far as our reading extends, in the description of mechanism in motion. His picture in *McClure* of the experiences of racing locomotives in their recent record-breaking runs across Illinois and Iowa is so real that at times it shortens the reader's breath.

* * *

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

«The Development of English Thought, a Study of the economic Interpretation of History,» is the title of a notable work by Simon N. Patton, professor of Political Economy in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania. This contribution to philosophic thought on economic themes fills a book of over 400 pages, about half of them devoted to the history of thought in England and the rest to the application of the author's theory to the English people. Not that the two halves are separate and distinct; every chapter contains the theory; and every chapter, except the first, contains so much of history as in the author's judgment was necessary to the illustration of the theory.

Prof. Patton in his preface suggests that «readers who prefer to study theory and application together may begin with chapter II,» as the first chapter is devoted to an explanation of the psychological theories underlying the book. His suggestion is to the general reader a good one, for the explanation without the illustrations, to the common mind, does not explain. To begin with the theory and later take up the application would be as unwise as to first master «the rule of Long Division» and afterwards try to find out what relation an «example in Long Division» can bear to the rule. The author dwells at some length on primal conditions under which the Germans were

evolved, on the economic influence of the early church, the invention of printing and of gunpowder, and the discovery of America, the growth of indulgence and the natural causes which contributed to the growth of Protestantism. A chapter is devoted to Calvinism, historically explaining its existence. A strong contrast is drawn between «Merrie England» and Puritan England, and that chapter begins what seems to us the strongest feature of the work, an analysis of the development of English thought as practically applied to the daily life, from the philosophy of Hobbes down to the present day biology of Darwin, classicism of the poets, utilitarianism of the Oxford movement and Methodistic substitution of a missionary Christ for a suffering Christ. This history of thought succession proceeds from Hobbes on down to us through Locke, Mandeville, Hume, Adam Smith, Whitefield and Wesley, Malthus, Ricarde, James and John Stuart Mill, and Darwin. After the Calvinists, are separately treated the Moralists and the Economists. The concluding chapter, the sixth, is devoted to the harmony of religious and economic concepts, the influence of science, socialism, fields for future adjustment, the new environment, the triumph of stalwartism. «New thought curved,» resultant from the cessation of opposition between economics and religion, and the socializing of natural religion.

All this is to establish the author's theory which, divested of all the terms in which philosophers revel, is that «survival is determined and progress created by a struggle for the requisites of which the supply is insufficient. A group of such definite objects, upon which the life and happiness of each race depends, always exists. The environment formed by this group of economic objects surrounding and supporting a given race changes with the several objects in which the interests of the race are centered. With the new objects come new activities and new requisites for survival. To meet these new conditions, the motives, instincts and habits of the race are modified; new modes of thought are formed; and thus by the modification of institutions, ideas, and customs—all the characteristics of the civi-

lization are reconstructed. These changes take place in a regular order; the series repeats itself in each environment. In its amplification and illustration lies the economic interpretation of history."

Professor Patton chose an interesting people as an illustration of his theory; a people most easily studied from the standpoint chosen, because of their island isolation and aloofness from other peoples. He may not have thoroughly established his theory as applicable to any and every people, but he leaves in the reader's mind little or no doubt as to its entire applicability to the English.

* * *

"Interludes," a little volume of verse, by Belle Willey Gue, is filled with beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed. Many of the poems are real gems, and there is not a poor thing in the one hundred pages which which the book contains. One of the strongest and most original poems in the book is "Defeat," and we regret that it is too long to admit its being quoted here. There must be concealed in each novel or poem that touches the heart, a part of the writer's own being and doing; and without knowing anything of the author, we believe that she knows whereof she speaks when she sings of

THE BETTER PART:

His supple fingers sweep the answer'ing keys;
They thrill beneath his strong and tender touch;
The rhythmic sound has in it magic, such
As conquered ancient Orpheus' rocks and trees;
And still, his one ambition is to please
The multitude; his thought is given so much
To outward form that from his sordid touch
The mystic life within forever flees.

Another, all unnoticed by the throng,
In darkness and in sorrow's silence heard
The music that his blundering, groping hand
Could only mar; and yet this soul was stirred
As were the listening Greeks by Sappho's song,
He could not sing, but he could understand.

(Household Realm Publishing Co., Chicago, \$1.00.)

* * *

"The Gospel for a World of Sin," a companion volume to "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," by Henry Van Dyke, pastor of the Brick Church Manse, in New York City, is evoking much favorable comment in re-

ligious circles, owing to its faithful adherence to orthodoxy. The book does not present a theory of the atonement, as might be supposed. On the contrary, the author emphatically states in his preface that it is intended to prove the fallacies of all theories regarding this theme. The arguments are strong and well drawn up; the discussion shows that the different view-points of men ultimately converge at a fundamental, cardinal point; though they may not appear to sustain direct relations toward the same, or toward each other respectively. The subject is divided into six sections, is carefully and ably handled in minute detail, and appeals sympathetically to the inner life.

(The Macmillan Company, New York.—Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Maternity of Harriott Wicken. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

(The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.)

* * *

The Gospel For a World of Sin. By Henry VanDyke.

(The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.25.)

* * *

In Cloisters Dim. By Charles Curtz Hahn.

(The Burkley Printing Co., Omaha.)

* * *

Poems. By Hiram Augustus Farrand.

(H. A. Farrand, Philadelphia.)

* * *

The Story of Old Fort Loudon. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

(The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.)

* * *

The Short Line War. By Merwin-Webster.

(The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.)

* * *

Jesus Delaney. By Joseph Donnelly.

(The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.)

* * *

Men's Tragedies. By R. V. Risley.

(The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50.)

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Our subscribers were no doubt surprised and disappointed at not receiving the MIDLAND for May. Owing to the fact that we were putting in our own plant, and to several mishaps over which we had no control, it was impossible to get out a May number on time, so we concluded that it was best to omit a number and get the June MIDLAND out at the proper time. We promise that in the future the MIDLAND will always be received by subscribers and on sale at the news counters on the 28th of the month preceding the date of issue.

So that our subscribers will receive full value, however, we will extend all subscriptions one month; and we sincerely hope this will meet with your approval.

* * *

THE MIDLAND is getting better with each succeeding number. By reading the "clippings from the press," printed elsewhere in this issue, you will see that THE MIDLAND has spread over the entire country and is well received everywhere. We are earnestly striving to issue a magazine which is essentially a Western publication, but at the same time, one that is equal in every respect to any of the Eastern publications. We wish to make a magazine which will meet with the unqualified approval of the people in this great Midland region. The more hints you can give as to your likes and dislikes, the nearer we can come to pleasing you. Suggestions and criticism, we are always glad to receive, and will always receive our careful attention and consideration.

* * *

The Mississippi stories by the mysterious "Mississippian" continue to grow in interest, and are attracting wide-spread atten-

tion. The first of the series, "The Asteroids Visit the Planets," appeared in the February MIDLAND; the second, "A Swamp Adventure," in the March; the third, "A Churchyard Story," in April; and "The Two Cronies" in the present number. Each story is complete in itself, and each entirely different in style and the class of people described.

* * *

With each succeeding installment of "Grant's Vicksburg Campaign," Col. Emerson convinces the reader, more and more, that he has thoroughly mastered his subject, and is absolutely correct even in the most minute details.

* * *

It has been our policy thus far, to avoid the Spanish-American War, believing that the market was already overstocked with that class of literature, and the public appetite for "war news" more than satisfied; but we think the article on the ship-yard at Newport News, in this issue of THE MIDLAND, will prove both interesting and instructive.

* * *

While we desire to make THE MIDLAND a vehicle for the expression of the best thought on all questions of general interest, we do not intend to let it be drawn into the vortex of partisan politics. After reading Senator Hoar's Reminiscences in the March number of *Scribner's* we decided that it was, at least, only just to hear both sides; and hence, requested Col. Ben E. Green to write the article on the "Divorce of Southern Capital from Labor," believing that a more intimate acquaintance with each other, and a better knowledge of the standpoints from which each saw his side of the shield in the late unpleasantness, will lead to a higher respect and a kindlier feeling for each other.



THE MOUNTAINS SPEAK TO ME.

The mountains speak to me; at dawn of day
When tinted by the morning's rosy fire,
They seem to say, "Dear child, come higher,
higher";

Above the toil-worn, weary, dusty way,
Uplift thine eyes, thy thoughts, and catch
a ray

To waken thee—to bid thy soul aspire;
Press on, and win each lofty, pure desire—
Arise, and with the morning sing thy lay.

All through the day the mountains speak
to me;

Blue-based, white-edged, against the az-
ure sky,

They stand in calm, majestic purity,
Their beauty touched by lights that gleam
and die;

My longing soul, adoring, awed, must cry,
From thy grand mountains to thyself,
more nigh.

—Sarah E. Howard.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

"A little country town"; why speak in scorn,
And scoffing mark its simple, lonely state?
In villages obscure great deeds are born,
And men that all the world shall hail as great.
The barefoot boy slow trudging home from
school,

In future years may win the earth's renown,
And history record each tree, each pool,
That now are lost in "just a country town."

The place is secondary if the deeds
That thrill a nation there have birth and life,
And lilled fields; where here are only weeds,
May not prove ground more hallowed
after strife.

Ah, lowly village, yours the deathless fame!
The nation's heart may yet be turned to you,

And deep in spotless marble grave your
name—

Of such was Gettysburg and Waterloo!

—Roy Farrell Greene.

SATISFACTION.

Lock the door and lose the key,
Love and I are dreaming,
Making fond reality
Of a blissful seeming.

Sin and sorrow, flee away,
De not come to vex us;
Through the hours of this one day
Nothing shall perplex us.

All that's now so sweet and pure
May be gone to-morrow;
Let us of our joy be sure,
Care we need not borrow.

Lock the door and lose the key,
Love and you together
Make my sad heart seem, you see,
Light as any feather.

—Belle Willey Gue.

SERVICE.

Two bits of carbon side by side
By giant force we parted wide.

One was a coal when brought to light;
The other was a diamond bright.

A monarch bought the glittering gem
And placed it in his diadem.

The coal could not so high aspire,
Yet, placed upon a laborer's fire
Brought life again by its good heat
To one found freezing in the street.

The coal, the gem—which think you, friend,
Served at the last the better end?

—Douglas Malloch.

THE WEST WIND.

Blow, winds, blow out of the 'wildering
west—

The west of the setting sun,
The cup that has caught the sinking light
Of all the days that are done.

Blow, winds, blow out of the clouded wake
Of the Sunbeams tired of play—
The beams that lean on the edge of eve
And slip in the dark away.

Blow over the cheek of panting hope,
At rest in his goalless climb;
Come back from the toil that doubles age,
And teach us the younger time.

Chasten the lip of the bitter cup
I stained with a sin of yore,
And bring it back till I taste again
Of the sweets I left before.

Give birth to joy in my heart, grown old
In the history of its grief,
And death to pain while his fangs are dull,
The sting of their poison, brief.

Blow, winds, blow out of the grave of light;
Come up from the tomb of day,
And lead all the spirit lovers back
From the dreams I dreamed away.

Blow, winds, but leave the sun of the East—
Not long may I hold Him guest—
For He will turn with the tide of noon,
While I sink into the West.

—J. A. Coll.

* * *

THE WAY OF HOPE.

From the thread of Wishes, in youth's bright
day,

I wove me a ladder—a gilded way—
That reached the top of the mountain of
fame;

An easy road in Life's doubtful game.

From the rope I made, wore off the guilt,
And I see the rungs in the ladder I've built,
Are stones in a rough and difficult way,
That cut and wound my feet of clay.

Now I know that he who reaches the height
Is the one who fights the hardest fight;
Not he who dreams of a gilded rope
That runs to the goal of earthly Hope.

—Philip Rutherford Kellar.

WHY!

The white clouds drift across the sky;
In shade and sun the meadows lie;
Over my work I bend and sigh.

I wonder why!

The blackbird lilts on yonder tree;
Little for shadows careth he;
Why sing not I as merrily?

I wonder why!

Hath he a stronger faith than I?
Discerning the blue still in the sky?
How dare a woman sit and sigh.

I wonder why!

Ah, well! these days must ever hold;
These days when leaves and buds unfold
Something of pain to young and old.

I wonder why!

—Rosa Mead Carwood.

* * *

A DREAM.

In languorous mood I sit alone,
And listen to the falling rain
That beats against the window-pane,
And croons a soothing monotone.

The flame upon the hearth burns low,
And somber shadows fill the room,
While twilight deepens into gloom
As fades the firelight's ruddy glow.

My thoughts are in a far-off place,
And, through long miles that lie between,
There raises clear another scene,
And fairest there, the heavenly face.

Of one that for a little time
I knew and loved. Too cold and drear
For such a tender blossom here.
She needs must seek a sunnier clime.

A blissful sense steals o'er me now,
For as of yore methinks I feel
About my neck her soft arms steal—
Her sweet, warm kiss upon my brow.

* * * * *

Oh! say not I was dreaming when
I felt her gentle presence near,
And heard her say—(or seemed to hear)—
«Doubt not, O Love! we meet again.»

—Walter Hall Jewett.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE PESS.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE MIDLAND.

Newspaper poets are not always spoken of with that reverence which their tuneful hearts could wish. Therefore a laudatory article in the April number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY (with pictures, too), will be gratefully received as an evidence that the sweet singers of the copy desk are not entirely unappreciated.—*The New York Press.*

* * *

One of the best magazines that has come to our table for many months is the April MIDLAND, published at St. Louis. It is especially interesting to Mississippians because of the charming Mississippi love story, by an unknown «Mississippian,» but whose work evinces splendid literary ability. Some of the scenes of this story are laid on the Yazoo River and Silver Creek, and the further fact that its editor is of Yazoo parentage, gives the magazine added local interest. The magazine is replete with good things and nodoubt will meet with the substantial encouragement which it merits.—*The Yazoo Sentinel, (Yazoo City, Miss.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE, which has been published for several years successfully at Des Moines, Iowa, has been recently moved to St. Louis. and greatly enlarged and improved, until it ranks favorably with the best of the popular magazines of the day. Col. John W. Emerson is writing an interesting account of «Grant's Campaign in the West,» which is attracting attention all over the country because of its style and the entire fairness and truthfulness of the narrative. Then there is a series of «Mississippi Stories,» by a Mississippian, which will prove of much interest because they are written from life, and many of the scenes will be recognized by people familiar with the history of this State during the past quarter of a century. But the fact that will bring the magazine closer to our people than anything else is the one that its

editor was once a resident of Brandon, and will be remembered by many of the older inhabitants.—*The Brandon News, (Brandon, Miss.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for March came to our desk recently and was welcomed as an old friend in a new dress. We have watched the progress of this plucky little westerner since its birth in Des Moines until the present time and have always considered it one of the foremost magazines of the middle west. It has recently gone into new hands and is now published in St. Louis. We would advise our readers to examine this magazine.—*The Monett Leader, (Monett, Mo.)*

* * *

As noted a month ago THE MIDLAND MAGAZINE, formerly published at Des Moines, is now being issued by the Twentieth Century Publishing Company of St. Louis. It shows great improvement and the current number will be found to contain a number of well written and highly interesting articles.—*The Omaha Daily Bee, (Omaha, Neb.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March is very attractive in its enlarged form and is one of the very best of the ten-cent magazines. The contents include: «The Delles of Wisconsin,» Mildred McNeal; «Grant's Vicksburg Campaign,» John W. Emerson; «Walt Whitman's Verse,» Johnson Brigham; «Mormonism and the Mormon War in Missouri,» W. F. Switzler; «Whom First We Love,» E. W. Dutcher; stories, poems, etc. Published at St. Louis.—*The Progress, (Minneapolis, Minn.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE, published in St. Louis, is one of the very best ten-cent publications now on the market. It is clean, up-to-date and should be found in every library and home. Missourians are

especially interested in the success of this publication.—*The News, (Mexico, Mo.)*

* * *

The April number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, which is now published in St. Louis, is an excellent number, with many notable articles. THE MIDLAND has been rejuvenated, and now comes out in handsome form. The half-tone illustrations are the most perfect we have seen. That entitled «The Race,» which is the April frontispiece, is very striking. Some of the noteworthy articles are «A Mississippi Love Story,» and «Irrigation in Colorado»—both fully illustrated. A series of Mississippi stories have been secured for future numbers. THE MIDLAND has taken on new life.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April has a pleasant article on «Newspaper Poets,» illustrated with some good portraits. H. A. Crafts tells of «Some Peculiar Irrigating Methods in Colorado.» V. L. Drain describes «An Experiment in Communism,» and John W. Emerson continues his history of «Grant's Vicksburg Campaign.» There are a number of good stories and several poems of merit.—*The Daily Picayune, (New Orleans, La.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for April, has a splendid article on «Newspaper Poets,» illustrated with some good portraits. V. L. Drain describes «An Experiment in Communism,» and John W. Emerson continues his history of «Grant's Vicksburg Campaign.» H. A. Crafts tells of «Some Peculiar Irrigating Methods in Colorado.»—*Christian Advocate, (New Orleans, La.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MAGAZINE of St. Louis is rapidly making a distinctive place for itself in western literature. It is greatly improved typographically and in matter.—*Jamestown Daily Capital, (Jamestown, N. D.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MAGAZINE for April is rich in contents and illustrations, as well as be-

ing beautifully printed.—*The Religio-Philosophical Journal, (San Francisco, Cal.)*

* * *

The April number of the MIDLAND MONTHLY is an excellent one and and comprises stories, poems, descriptive articles, literary notes, dramatic news and general information. The stories of a «Mississippian» continue and grow in interest. The magazine is now published in St. Louis and is only one dollar a year.—*The Evening Press, (Keokuk, Ia.)*

* * *

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE, now published at St. Louis, is one of the very best and most interesting publications in the country. To the western people its contents are unexcelled. The illustrations are superb. It is truly a western publication and we are always anxious to receive the next number.—*The Genesee News, (Genesee, Idaho.)*

* * *

The April MIDLAND MONTHLY maintains the repute of the great central valley of the continent as a literary tract. «The Home of a Western Lorelei,» «Newspaper Poets,» «Peculiar Irrigating Methods in Colorado,» «Grant's Vicksburg Campaign,» and «An Experiment in Communism» are the more serious contributions. There are a number of creditable poems and half a dozen good short stories. The tone of the entire number is one of easy acquaintance and graceful familiarity.—*Dubuque Daily Herald, (Dubuque, Ia.)*

* * *

MIDLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The enterprising proprietors of this excellent monthly have recently removed the place of its publication to St. Louis, thus making it distinctively a trans-Mississippi publication. It contains 100 pages of reading matter, its letter press is faultless, articles furnished by the best writers in the West, and its illustrations not excelled by any Monthly in the country. All together it is an exceedingly creditable publication.—*Missouri Statesman, (Columbia, Mo.)*

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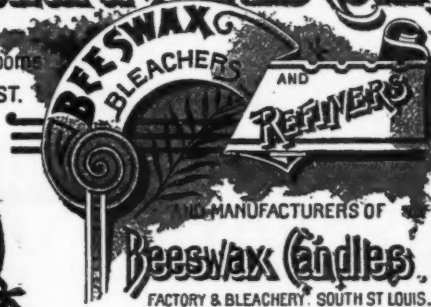
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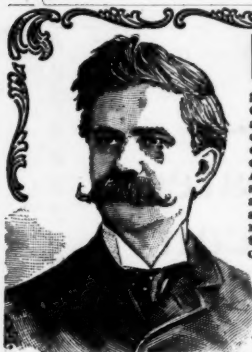
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